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10¢

The BLACK TERROR

NO. 17

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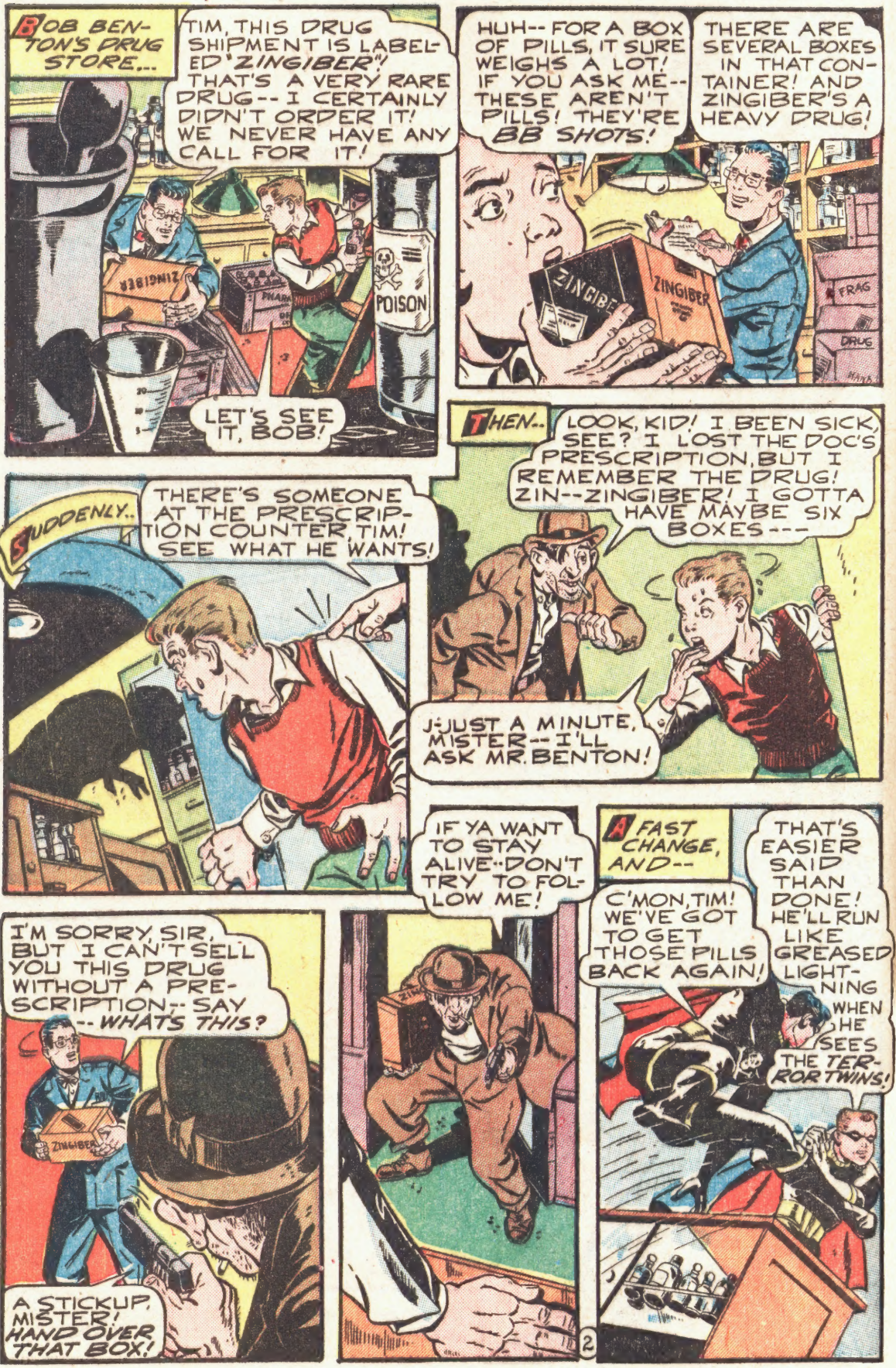
THE BLACK TERROR
THE DESPERADOES OF THE PAST RISKED THEIR LIVES FOR STRANGE LOOT--THE PLUNDER OF THE INDIES--A SULTAN'S JEWELS--PEARLS BEYOND PRICE! BUT TODAY, WHEN THIEVES OF RUTHLESS CUNNING SHUN THE BEATEN PATHWAYS OF CRIME, THEY MUST RECKON WITH YOUNG BOB BENTON--IN REALITY THE BLACK TERROR--AND HIS GALLANT YOUNG AIDE, TIM, WHO DEFY THE FORCES OF EVIL!


BOB BENTON'S DRUG STORE...
TIM, THIS DRUG SHIPMENT IS LABELED "ZINGIBER"! THAT'S A VERY RARE DRUG-- I CERTAINLY DIDN'T ORDER IT! WE NEVER HAVE ANY CALL FOR IT!
POISON
LET'S SEE IT, BOB!
HUH-- FOR A BOX OF PILLS, IT SURE WEIGHS A LOT! IF YOU ASK ME-- THESE AREN'T PILLS! THEY'RE BB SHOTS!
THERE ARE SEVERAL BOXES IN THAT CONTAINER! AND ZINGIBER'S A HEAVY DRUG!
ZINGIBER
FRAG
DRUG
THEN..
LOOK, KID! I BEEN SICK, SEE? I LOST THE DOC'S PRESCRIPTION, BUT I REMEMBER THE DRUG! ZIN--ZINGIBER! I GOTTA HAVE MAYBE SIX BOXES---
J-JUST A MINUTE, MISTER-- I'LL ASK MR. BENTON!
SUDDENLY..
THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE PRESCRIPTION COUNTER, TIM! SEE WHAT HE WANTS!
IF YA WANT TO STAY ALIVE--DON'T TRY TO FOLLOW ME!
A FAST CHANGE, AND--
C'MON, TIM! WE'VE GOT TO GET THOSE PILLS BACK AGAIN!
THAT'S EASIER SAID THAN DONE! HE'LL RUN LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING WHEN HE SEES THE TERROR TWINS!
I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT I CAN'T SELL YOU THIS DRUG WITHOUT A PRESCRIPTION-- SAY -- WHAT'S THIS?
ZINGIBER
A STICKUP, MISTER! HAND OVER THAT BOX!
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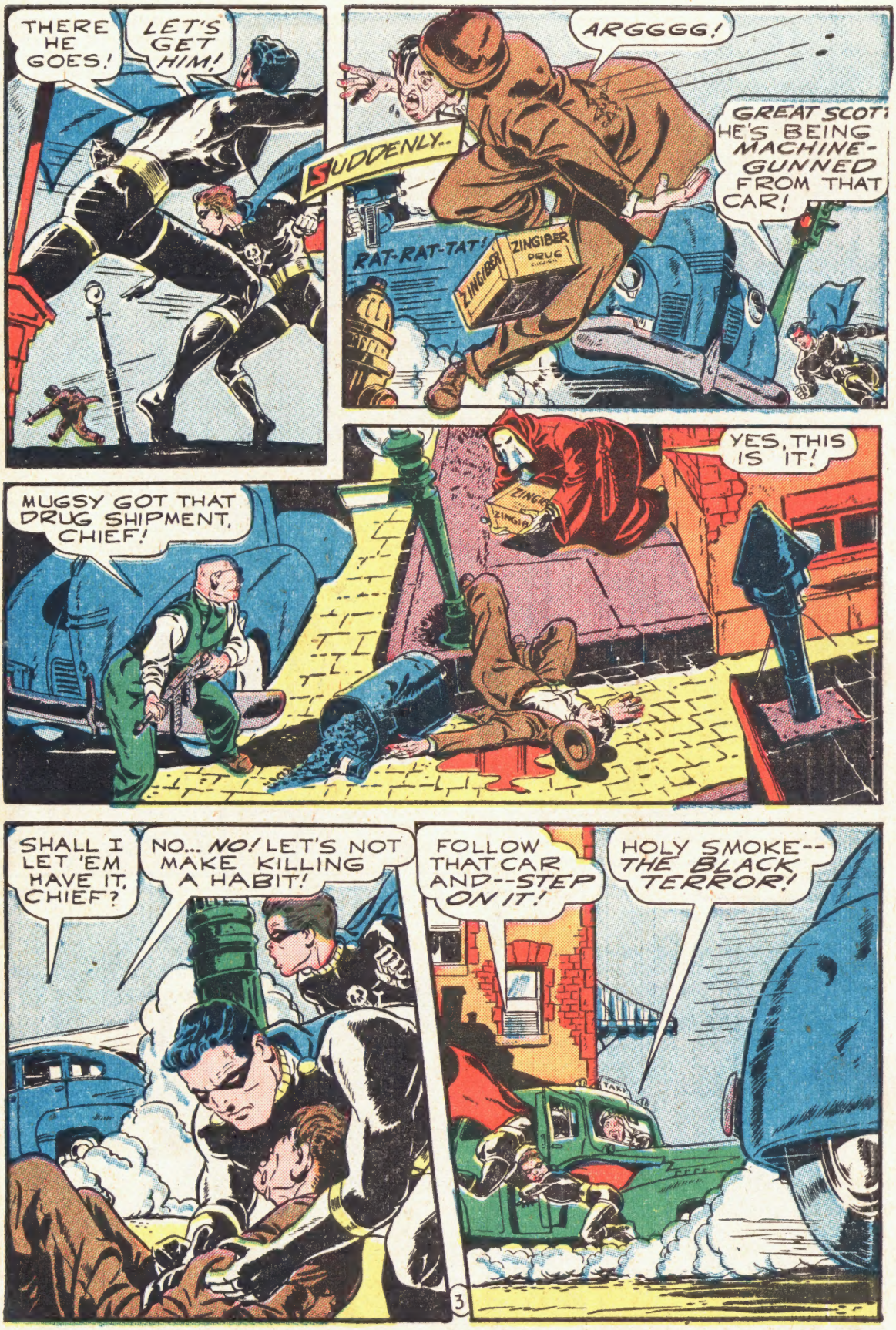
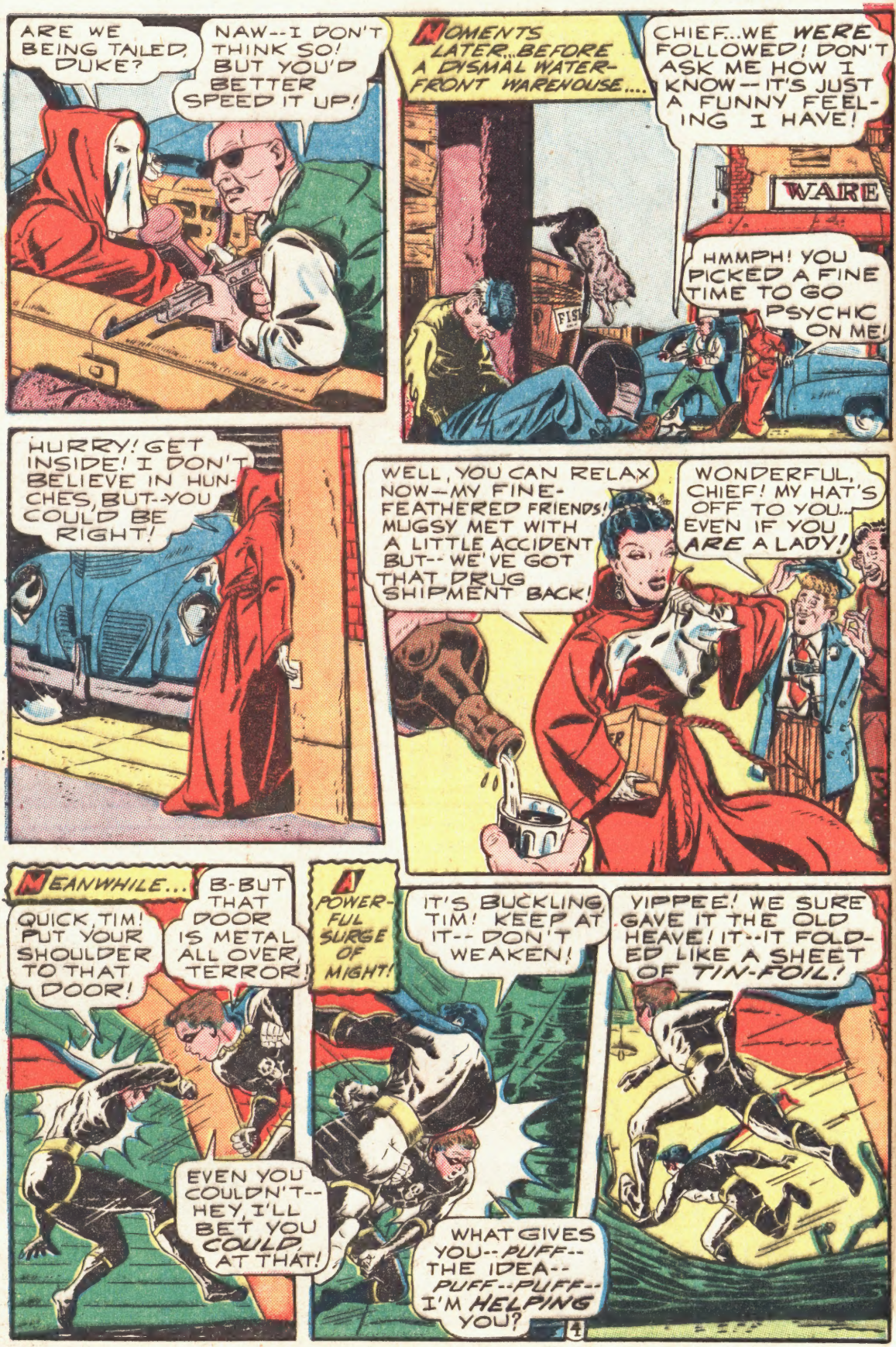
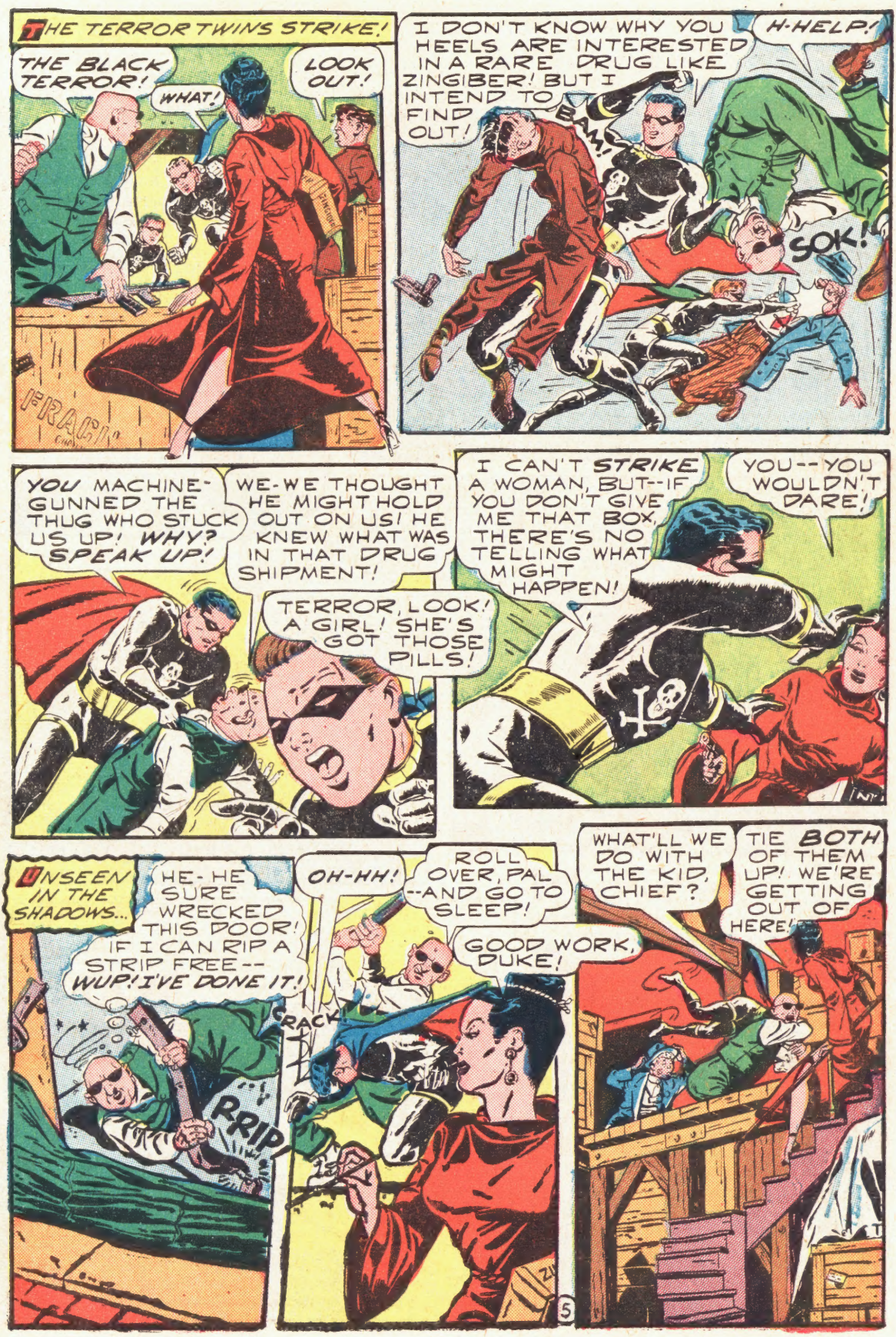
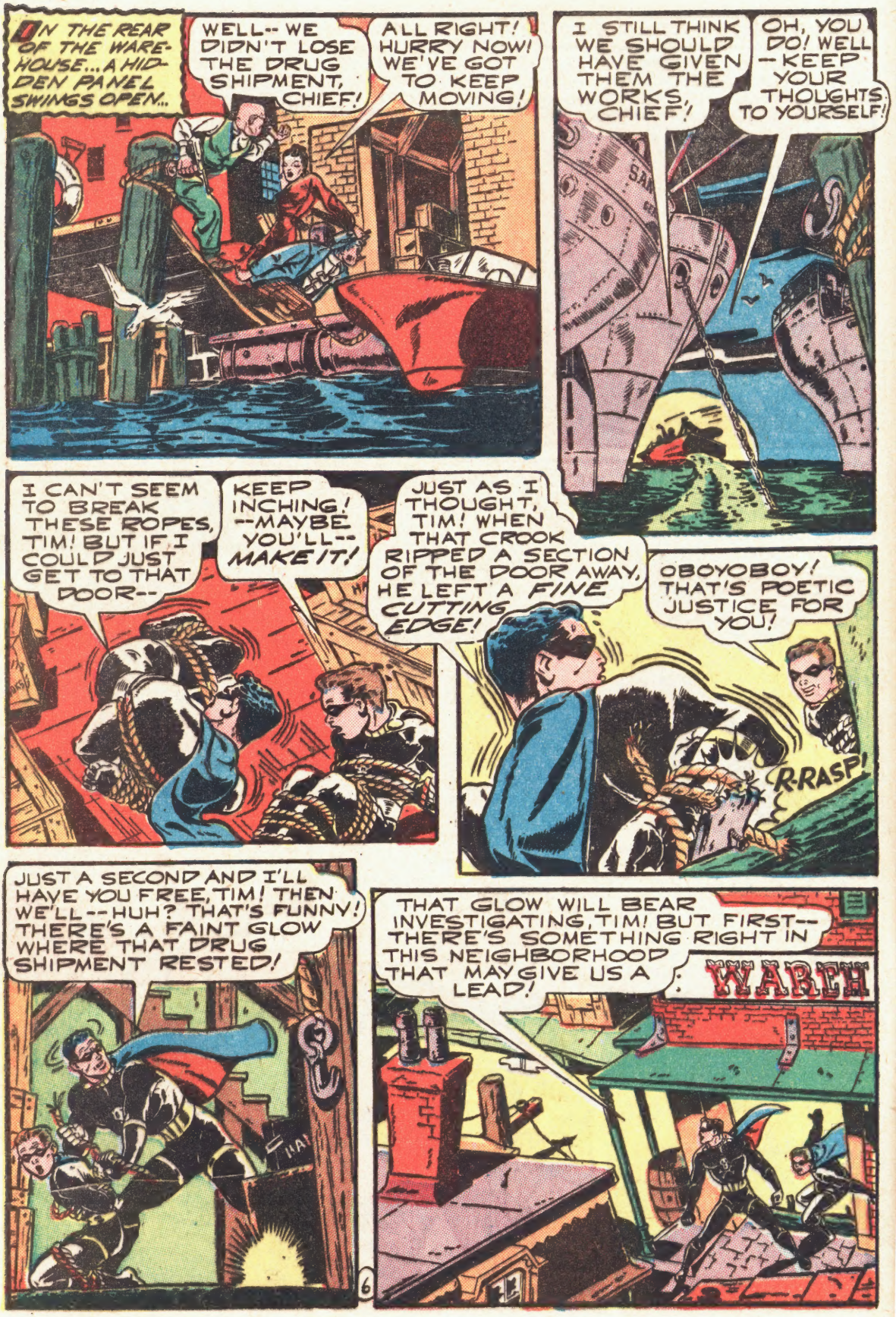

THERE HE GOES!
LET'S GET HIM!
SUDDENLY..
RAT-RAT-TAT!
ARGGGG!
GREAT SCOT! HE'S BEING MACHINE-GUNNED FROM THAT CAR!
ZINGIBER
DRUG
MUGSY GOT THAT DRUG SHIPMENT, CHIEF!
YES, THIS IS IT!
SHALL I LET 'EM HAVE IT, CHIEF?
NO... NO! LET'S NOT MAKE KILLING A HABIT!
FOLLOW THAT CAR AND--STEP ON IT!
HOLY SMOKE-- THE BLACK TERROR!
TAXI
3


ARE WE BEING TAILED, DUKE?
NAW--I DON'T THINK SO! BUT YOU'D BETTER SPEED IT UP!
MOMENTS LATER...BEFORE A DISMAL WATER-FRONT WAREHOUSE....
CHIEF...WE WERE FOLLOWED! DON'T ASK ME HOW I KNOW--IT'S JUST A FUNNY FEELING I HAVE!
WARE
HMMPH! YOU PICKED A FINE TIME TO GO PSYCHIC ON ME!
HURRY! GET INSIDE! I DON'T BELIEVE IN HUNCHES, BUT--YOU COULD BE RIGHT!
WELL, YOU CAN RELAX NOW--MY FINE-FEATHERED FRIENDS! MUGSY MET WITH A LITTLE ACCIDENT BUT-- WE'VE GOT THAT DRUG SHIPMENT BACK!
WONDERFUL, CHIEF! MY HAT'S OFF TO YOU... EVEN IF YOU ARE A LADY!
MEANWHILE...
QUICK, TIM! PUT YOUR SHOULDER TO THAT DOOR!
B-BUT THAT DOOR IS METAL ALL OVER, TERROR!
EVEN YOU COULDN'T-- HEY, I'LL BET YOU COULD, AT THAT!
A POWERFUL SURGE OF MIGHT!
IT'S BUCKLING TIM! KEEP AT IT-- DON'T WEAKEN!
WHAT GIVES YOU--PUFF-- THE IDEA-- PUFF--PUFF-- I'M HELPING YOU?
YIPPEE! WE SURE GAVE IT THE OLD HEAVE! IT--IT FOLDED LIKE A SHEET OF TIN-FOIL!
4


THE TERROR TWINS STRIKE!
THE BLACK TERROR!
WHAT!
LOOK OUT!
I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU HEELS ARE INTERESTED IN A RARE DRUG LIKE ZINGIBER! BUT I INTEND TO FIND OUT!
H-HELP!
BAM!
SOK!
YOU MACHINE-GUNNED THE THUG WHO STUCK US UP! WHY? SPEAK UP!
WE-WE THOUGHT HE MIGHT HOLD OUT ON US! HE KNEW WHAT WAS IN THAT DRUG SHIPMENT!
TERROR, LOOK! A GIRL! SHE'S GOT THOSE PILLS!
I CAN'T STRIKE A WOMAN, BUT--IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME THAT BOX, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN!
YOU--YOU WOULDN'T DARE!
UNSEEN IN THE SHADOWS...
HE-HE SURE WRECKED THIS DOOR! IF I CAN RIP A STRIP FREE-- WUP! I'VE DONE IT!
RRIP
OH-HH!
ROLL OVER, PAL --AND GO TO SLEEP!
CRACK
GOOD WORK, DUKE!
WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THE KID, CHIEF?
TIE BOTH OF THEM UP! WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE!


ON THE REAR OF THE WAREHOUSE... A HIDDEN PANEL SWINGS OPEN...
WELL-- WE DIDN'T LOSE THE DRUG SHIPMENT, CHIEF!
ALL RIGHT! HURRY NOW! WE'VE GOT TO KEEP MOVING!
I STILL THINK WE SHOULD HAVE GIVEN THEM THE WORKS, CHIEF!
OH, YOU DO! WELL --KEEP YOUR THOUGHTS TO YOURSELF!
I CAN'T SEEM TO BREAK THESE ROPES, TIM! BUT IF I COULD JUST GET TO THAT DOOR--
KEEP INCHING! --MAYBE YOU'LL-- MAKE IT!
JUST AS I THOUGHT, TIM! WHEN THAT CROOK RIPPED A SECTION OF THE DOOR AWAY, HE LEFT A FINE CUTTING EDGE!
OBOYOBOY! THAT'S POETIC JUSTICE FOR YOU!
R-RASP!
JUST A SECOND AND I'LL HAVE YOU FREE, TIM! THEN WE'LL -- HUH? THAT'S FUNNY! THERE'S A FAINT GLOW WHERE THAT DRUG SHIPMENT RESTED!
HA!
THAT GLOW WILL BEAR INVESTIGATING, TIM! BUT FIRST-- THERE'S SOMETHING RIGHT IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD THAT MAY GIVE US A LEAD!
WARE H

I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED THIS NEIGHBORHOOD WHEN WE DROVE UP! THERE'S THE WAREHOUSE OF THE WHOLESALE DRUGGIST WHO SENT US THAT DRUG SHIPMENT, TIM! IT'S RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET!
GOLLY! IT IS!
THEN...THE TERROR TWINS ASSUME THEIR NORMAL ROLES...
I--I DIDN'T EXPECT A VISIT FROM YOU AT THIS HOUR, MR. BENTON! FORTUNATELY, I'VE BEEN DOWN HERE ALL EVENING--CHECKING OVER MY STOCK!
YES--SO I SEE!
OFFICE
207
DRUGS & Chemical CO.
YOU SENT ME A DRUG I DIDN'T ORDER--ZINGIBER! WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT THAT SHIPMENT?
SO THAT'S--I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU THE TRUTH!
A FEW NIGHTS AGO, I HEARD GUNFIRE OUTSIDE, AND A GIRL RACED IN WITH THE BOX! AT THE POINT OF A GUN, SHE MADE ME HIDE IT IN A SHIPMENT I WAS SENDING YOU--AND WARNED ME I'D BETTER KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT!
YOU SAY SHE LEFT BY THE BACK DOOR! THEN TWO G-MEN CAME IN AND ASKED YOU A LOT OF QUESTIONS? CAN YOU REMEMBER WHAT THEY SAID?
NO--NO--I WAS TOO FRIGHTENED! --BUT I--I DO REMEMBER A NAME THE GIRL LET DROP --"BETSY MAY"! SOMETHING ABOUT A SHIP!
SO THAT'S HOW I GOT THE STUFF! IT WAS A MATTER OF HIDING IT WHEN PURSUIT GOT TOO HOT--AND SHE SAW THE SHIPMENT WAS GOING TO ME! I'VE GOT TO MAKE ONE MORE CHECKUP--THEN ON TO THE "BETSY MAY"!
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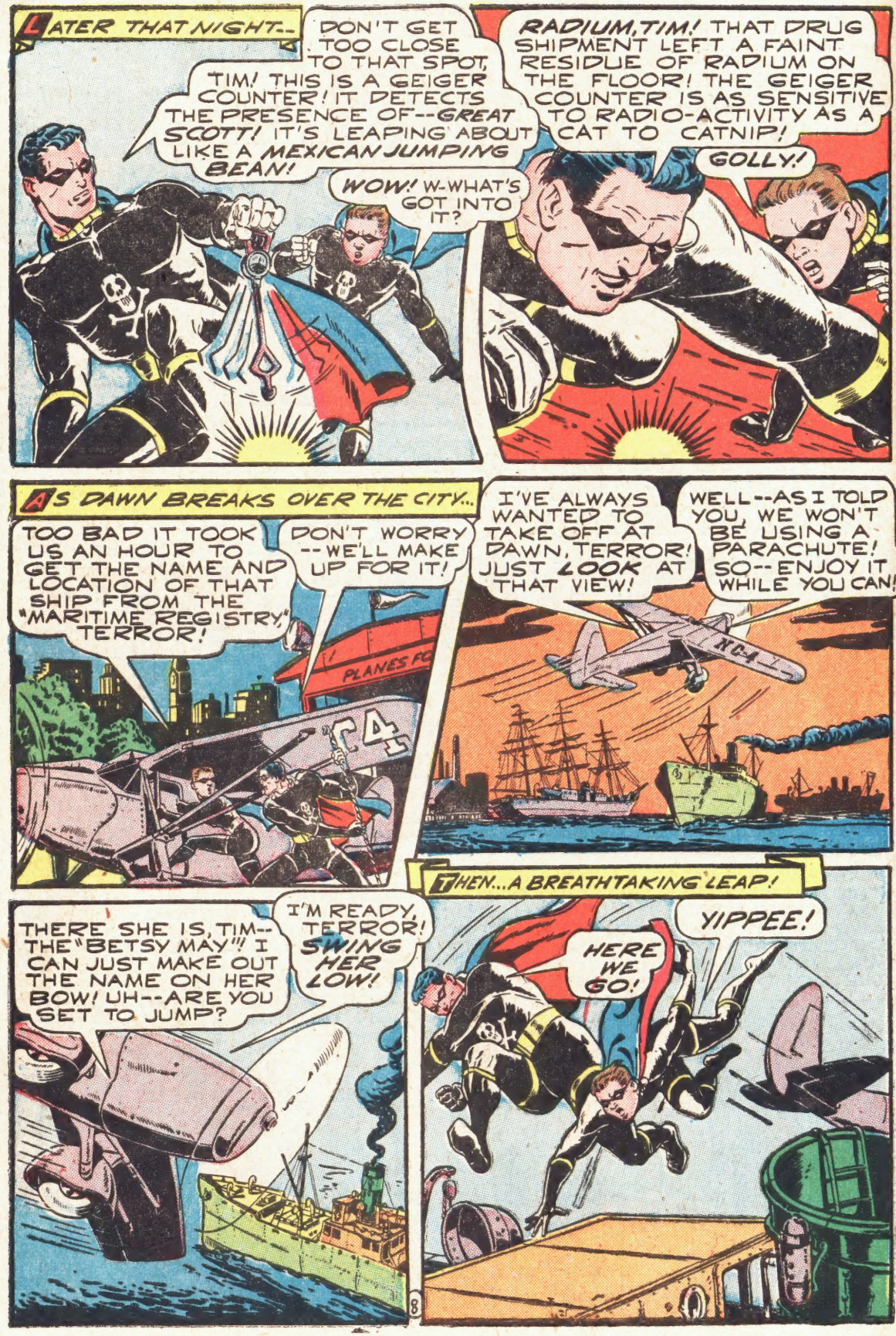
LATER THAT NIGHT--
DON'T GET TOO CLOSE TO THAT SPOT, TIM! THIS IS A GEIGER COUNTER! IT DETECTS THE PRESENCE OF--GREAT SCOTT! IT'S LEAPING ABOUT LIKE A MEXICAN JUMPING BEAN!
WOW! W-WHAT'S GOT INTO IT?
RADIUM, TIM! THAT DRUG SHIPMENT LEFT A FAINT RESIDUE OF RADIUM ON THE FLOOR! THE GEIGER COUNTER IS AS SENSITIVE TO RADIO-ACTIVITY AS A CAT TO CATNIP!
GOLLY!
AS DAWN BREAKS OVER THE CITY...
TOO BAD IT TOOK US AN HOUR TO GET THE NAME AND LOCATION OF THAT SHIP FROM THE "MARITIME REGISTRY," TERROR!
DON'T WORRY --WE'LL MAKE UP FOR IT!
PLANES FO
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO TAKE OFF AT DAWN, TERROR! JUST LOOK AT THAT VIEW!
WELL--AS I TOLD YOU, WE WON'T BE USING A PARACHUTE! SO--ENJOY IT WHILE YOU CAN!
THERE SHE IS, TIM--THE "BETSY MAY"! I CAN JUST MAKE OUT THE NAME ON HER BOW! UH--ARE YOU SET TO JUMP?
I'M READY, TERROR! SWING HER LOW!
THEN...A BREATHTAKING LEAP!
HERE WE GO!
YIPPEE!
8

ULP- THE BLACK TERROR!
HE - HE JUMPED FROM THAT PLANE! IT'S CRASHING INTO THE SEA!
CRASH!
YES--AND YOU'RE GOING DOWN, TOO!
AGH!
SOCK!
YOU MISERABLE BUNGLERS! THIS TIME, I'M TAKING CARE OF HIM!
WATCH OUT, TIM! SHE'S GOT A HIGH-POWERED ELECTRIC FLASH!
MY EYES! I - I CAN'T SEE!
STRANGE --YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE! THIS ELECTRIC TORCH IS ALMOST AS BRIGHT AS THE NOONDAY SUN!
GRAB HIM, PIKE! GRAB HIM!
I'M ROPING HIM FIRST! TIED STEERS CAN'T BUCK!
TENSE MINUTES LATER, BELOW DECKS--
RADIUM--INSULATED IN LEAD--WAS IN THAT DRUG SHIPMENT! IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE! WE ROBBED AN ARMY MEDICAL WAREHOUSE -- THEN HAD TO GET RID OF THE STUFF WHEN THE G-MEN CLOSED IN!
WE SURMISED THAT! INCIDENTALLY, YOU MUST HAVE CRACKED THAT LEAD CONTAINER! IT LEAKS!
TERROR, DO YOU SEE THAT? IT'S A FEW GRAINS OF RADIUM, AND--IT'S NOT INSULATED NOW! WELL, GOODBYE AND GOOD LUCK! YOU'LL NEED IT!
DON'T GET NEAR THAT STUFF, CHIEF! WE'D BETTER BEAT IT!
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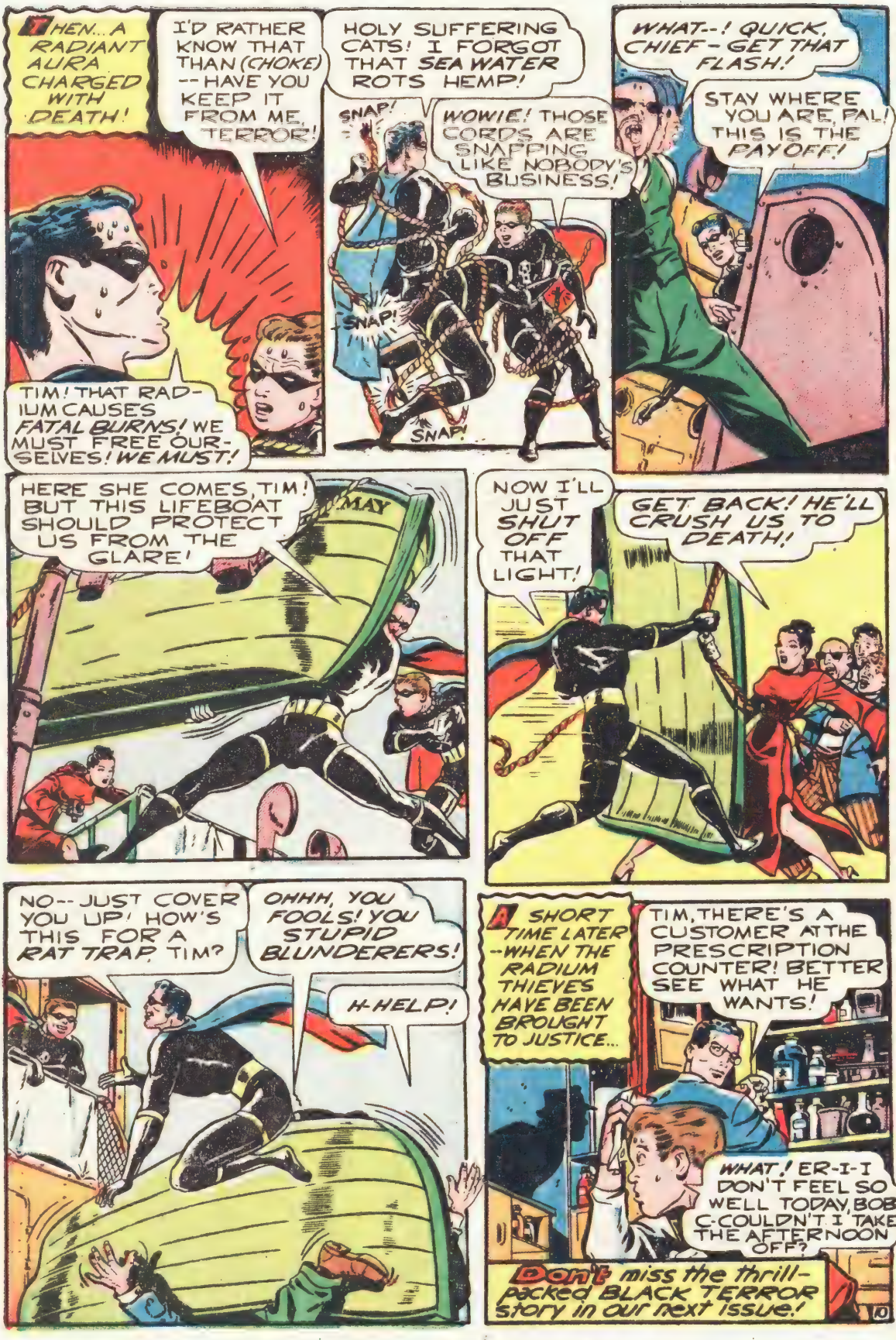
THEN... A RADIANT AURA CHARGED WITH DEATH!
I'D RATHER KNOW THAT THAN (CHOKE) -- HAVE YOU KEEP IT FROM ME, TERROR!
TIM! THAT RADIUM CAUSES FATAL BURNS! WE MUST FREE OURSELVES! WE MUST!
HOLY SUFFERING CATS! I FORGOT THAT SEA WATER ROTS HEMP!
SNAP!
WOWIE! THOSE CORDS ARE SNAPPING LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS!
SNAP!
SNAP!
WHAT--! QUICK, CHIEF - GET THAT FLASH!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE, PAL! THIS IS THE PAYOFF!
HERE SHE COMES, TIM! BUT THIS LIFEBOAT SHOULD PROTECT US FROM THE GLARE!
MAY
NOW I'LL JUST SHUT OFF THAT LIGHT!
GET BACK! HE'LL CRUSH US TO DEATH!
NO-- JUST COVER YOU UP! HOW'S THIS FOR A RAT TRAP, TIM?
OHHH, YOU FOOLS! YOU STUPID BLUNDERERS!
H-HELP!
A SHORT TIME LATER --WHEN THE RADIUM THIEVES HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO JUSTICE...
TIM, THERE'S A CUSTOMER AT THE PRESCRIPTION COUNTER! BETTER SEE WHAT HE WANTS!
WHAT! ER-I-I DON'T FEEL SO WELL TODAY, BOB! C-COULDN'T I TAKE THE AFTERNOON OFF?
Don't miss the thrill-packed BLACK TERROR story in our next issue!
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THE Black TERROR

BOB BENTON, SHY, RETIRING DRUGGIST, IS REALLY NONE OTHER THAN THE DEVASTATING DESTROYER OF THE UNDERWORLD WHOSE VERY NAME---**THE BLACK TERROR**--THROWS FEAR AND PANIC INTO GANGLAND! JOIN BOB AND HIS YOUNG PARTNER, TIM, AS THEY SET OUT ON A NEW ADVENTURE AGAINST A MASTER CRIMINAL--- A CRIMINAL WHOSE BRUTAL PLOT WILL BRING THEM DEATH IF THEY FAIL!

A STRANGE, WILD-EYED MASTER CRIMINAL AND TWO THUGS CHOOSE A BUSY PAYROLL DAY TO CALL ON THE BANK---
ARE YOU SURE IT'LL WORK, HYPO? WE'RE TAKING A BIG CHANCE!
OF COURSE IT WILL! ONCE MY FLOWER GIVES OFF ITS SPRAY, I CAN MOLD ANYONE TO MY WILL!

BEFORE THE CASHIER, HYPO PRESSES A BULB IN HIS POCKET, AND A PECULIAR LIQUID SPRAYS THE TELLER!
YES---OHHH! WHAT'S THAT?
YOU WILL LISTEN TO WHAT I TELL YOU! LISTEN--- CLOSELY---

START HANDING OVER ALL THE MONEY IN YOUR DRAWER! ALL THE MONEY YOU SEE MUST BE HANDED OVER TO ME!
ALL---THE---MONEY ---MUST BE---- HANDED OVER ---TO YOU!

HURRY UP, BOSS! HE MIGHT COME OUT OF IT!
NO CHANCE! WE'VE GOT ENOUGH NOW!
LET'S GO, BOYS!
YOU DID IT, BOSS! YOU HYPNOTIZED HIM! YOU DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO USE THAT "WILL DESTROYER" YOU SPRAYED HIM WITH!
YOU'RE WRONG, ACE! I CAN HYPNOTIZE PEOPLE, ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU CAN'T GET A MAN TO DO ANYTHING AFTER HE'S HYPNOTIZED THAT HE'D REBEL AGAINST UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES! MY FLUID IS NECESSARY TO PARALYZE CERTAIN BRAIN CELLS FIRST!
HE SURE CAVED IN AFTER HE GOT THAT SPRAY!
THE FOLLOWING DAY, IN BOB BENTON'S DRUG STORE...
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT AS AN EXCUSE, BOB? HE WAS PROBABLY IN CAHOOTS WITH THE CROOKS AND HANDED OVER THE MONEY!
I'M NOT SO SURE! HE MUST'VE KNOWN HOW PHONEY THAT WOULD SOUND... BUT HE STUCK TO IT!
BANK TELLER CLAIMS HE WAS HYPNOTIZED IN $100,000 BANK ROBBERY!
AT THAT MOMENT...
CAN... CAN YOU GIVE ME... A SEDATIVE? (SNIFF, SNIFF)
OF COURSE! IS SOMETHING WRONG? CAN I DO ANYTHING TO...
HE'S MY HUSBAND... THAT CASHIER! BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING! HE WAS HYPNOTIZED, BUT NOBODY BELIEVES HIM!
BUT, MADAM, YOU CAN'T MAKE A MAN DO ANYTHING, EVEN UNDER A HYPNOTIC SPELL! HE MUST BE CAPABLE OF DOING...
(SOB, SOB) NOBODY BELIEVES IT! BUT IT'S TRUE!

A moment later...
LOOK! THAT CAR ALMOST CRASHED INTO THAT ARMORED TRUCK! WHAT A DRIVER!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, YOU DUMB CLUCK? CAN'T YOU SEE WHERE YOU'RE GOING?
MY DEAR FELLOW, NO NEED TO GET SO EXCITED! JUST A LAPSE ON MY PART! I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT...
ONCE MORE, THE DEADLY "WILL DESTROYER" DOES ITS EVIL!
YOU WILL LISTEN TO ME VERY CLOSELY! YOU WILL DO AS I SAY!
(SNIFF) I MUST LISTEN...TO... YOU!
WHAT'S HE DOING? LOOK AT THE DRIVER!
GREAT SCOTT! HE'S HYPNOTIZING HIM! MAYBE WE STUMBLED ON SOMETHING!
BUT THERE'S ONE WAY TO FIND OUT...AND THAT'S UP TO THE BLACK TERROR!
YIPPPEEE! CLEAR THE ROAD FOR ACTION!
YOU MUST REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU!
I MUST REMEMBER!
HYPO'S DONE IT AGAIN!
HEY! LOOK!

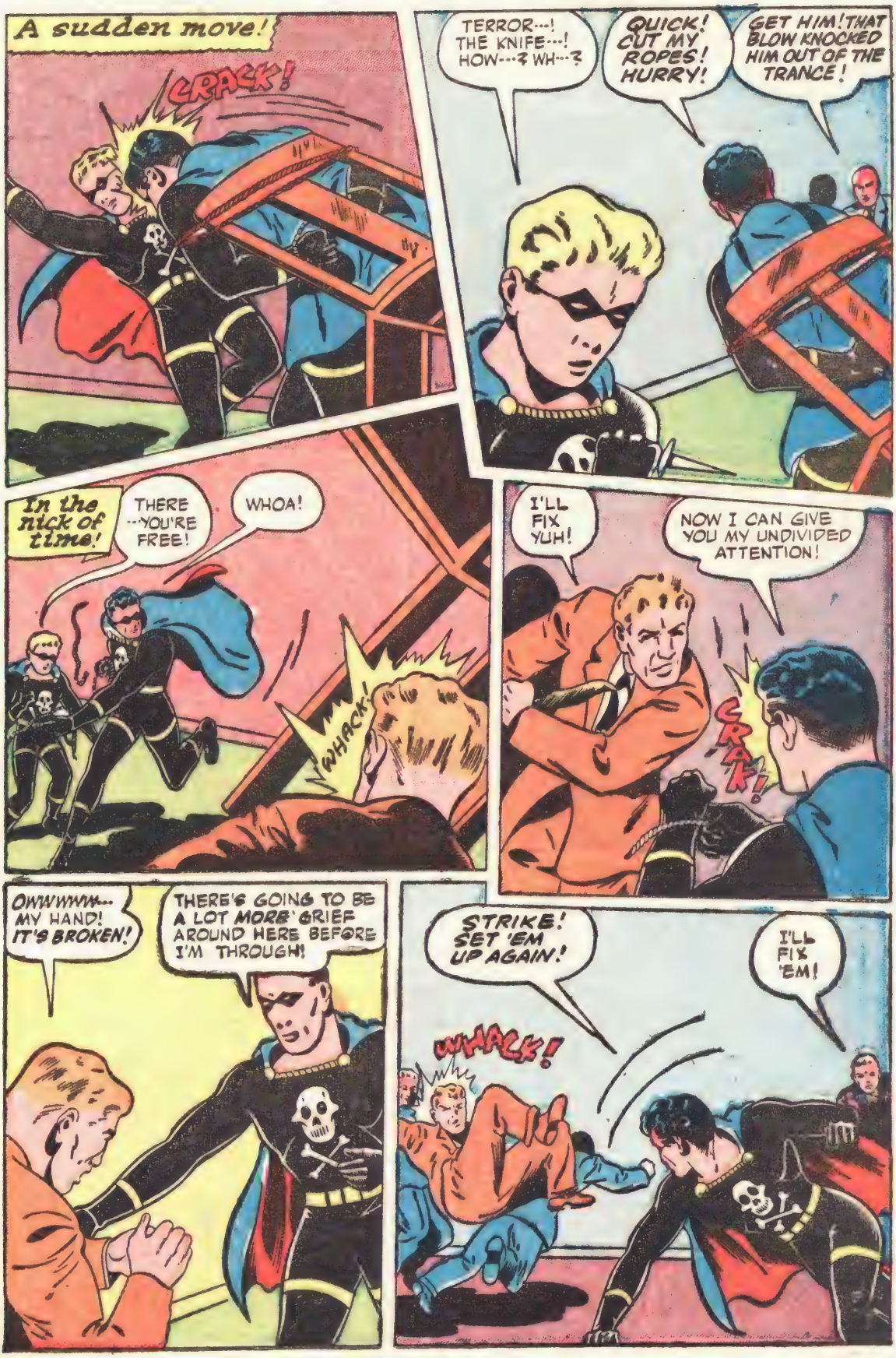
THE BLACK TERROR!
AT YOUR SERVICE!
CAN I INTRODUCE MYSELF···WITH THIS CALLING CARD?
WHAT'S YOUR GAME, RAT? THIS'LL LOOSEN UP YOUR JAWS!
OVER MY SHOULDER AND AWAY YOU GO!
WOK!
ATTACKED FROM BEHIND!
WE GOT 'EM! GOOD WORK!
CRAK!
CRACK!
ESCAPE!
THEY SURE CAUGHT US FLAT-FOOTED! HOW DO YOU FEEL, TIM?
A LITTLE ROCKY, BUT OKAY··· TERROR! LOOK AT THE DRIVER! HE'S TALKING TO HIMSELF!
SHHHH··· HE'S SAYING SOMETHING!
AFTER···I GET···MY GOLD SHIPMENT···I MUST···BRING MY···TRUCK TO NUMBER FOUR COUNTY ROAD! AFTER···I GET···MY GOLD-SHIPMENT···
I GET IT, TIM! THEY GOT WIND THAT HE WAS GOING TO PICK UP A GOLD SHIPMENT! THEN THEY MANAGED TO PUT HIM IN SOME HYPNOTIC TRANCE AND TOLD HIM TO BRING THE GOLD TO THEM AT THE ADDRESS HE'S REPEATING!

THIS'LL BRING HIM OUT OF IT! ANYWAY, WE KNOW WHERE THOSE MONKEYS HANG OUT! FOUR COUNTY ROAD···REMEMBER IT!
SLAP!
WHA···WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE AM···? THAT MAN··· HE SPRAYED SOMETHING, AND I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING THAT HAPPENED SINCE!
A SPRAY? HMMM···IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOME DRUG THAT MAKES THE VICTIM AN EASY SUBJECT FOR HYPNOTISM! TIM···THAT CASHIER MAY BE TELLING THE TRUTH! THAT'S HOW THEY HELD UP THE BANK!
C'MON, TIM! WE'RE GOING TO THAT ADDRESS AND PAY A VISIT ON OUR PALS!
GO GET 'EM, TERROR! I'LL GIVE THE COPS THE ADDRESS!
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, AT FOUR COUNTY ROAD...
THAT'S THE PLACE, ALL RIGHT! BETTER BE ON YOUR GUARD! THEY'RE DANGEROUS!
WELL, THEY'RE GOING TO FIND OUT HOW DANGEROUS WE ARE!
Meanwhile, inside...
HYPO! IT'S THE TERROR TWINS!
INDEED! THEY HAVE RATHER THICK SKULLS, TO HAVE RECOVERED SO SOON AND FOLLOWED US HERE! LET THEM COME···I'D LIKE TO EXPERIMENT ON THEM WITH MY "WILL DESTROYER!"
DO YOU MEAN THAT STUFF CAN STOP THE BLACK TERROR, TOO?
OF COURSE! BUT JUST TO MAKE SURE, I'LL DISCARD THE FLOWER AND GIVE HIM A HEAVY DOSE WITH THIS SYRINGE! NOT EVEN THE BLACK TERROR WILL BE ABLE TO RESIST IT!

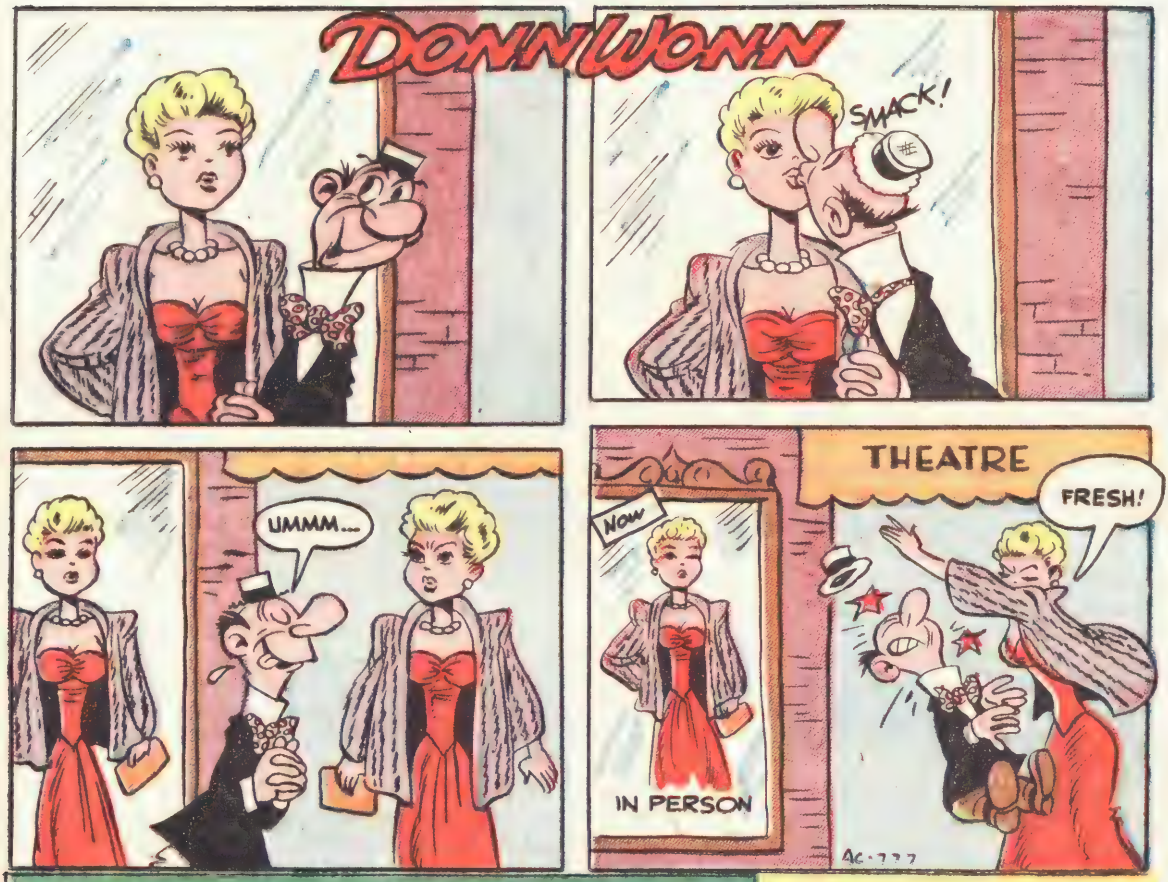
CRASH!
BANG!
BANG!
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE BEEN EXPECTED!
YEAH--THEY'RE THROWING LEAD, WHILE WE CAN THROW A GOOD RIGHT HOOK!
BOP!
BLE!
I---I---!
THE LITTLE ONE SEEMS A BIT TIRED!
THE DEADLY "WILL DESTROYER" BEGINS TO TAKE EFFECT ON TIM!
TIM! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
SOCK!
THE BLACK TERROR FIGHTS DESPERATELY TO THROW OFF THE DEADLY EFFECTS OF THE SPRAY, BUT---
I'VE GIVEN HIM ENOUGH TO KNOCK OUT AN ARMY---AND HE STILL STANDS! HIT HIM AGAIN!
MY---BRAIN---! GETTING---DARK---
CRACK!
AT LAST! TIE THEM UP! QUICK! BEFORE THEY COME TO!
OWWW---MY FIST! I HIT HIM---AND IT WAS LIKE HITTING A BRICK WALL!

Prisoners!
AH···THEY WILL SOON COME TO···ENOUGH FOR ME TO WORK MY HYPNOTISM ON THEM! WITH THEIR BRAINS DRUGGED BY THE "WILL DESTROYER," IT WILL BE EASY!
LOOKS LIKE ROUND ONE FOR YOU BABIES!
NOW I'LL BRING HIM UNDER MY SPELL!
THE MASTER HYPNOTIST VERSUS THE POWERFUL MIND OF THE BLACK TERROR! WHO WILL WIN OUT?
YOU WILL DO AS I SAY! YOU MUST DO AS I SAY!
MY MIND···FEELS FUZZY···THOSE-EYES OF HIS···!
NOW YOU HAVE NO WILL! YOUR WILL IS MY WILL!
MY WILL···IS···! NO! CAN'T SUCCUMB! MUST CLEAR···MY MIND!
SUPERHUMAN WILL POWER BREAKS THE SPELL!
THERE···! I CAN THINK MORE CLEARLY NOW! HOW MUCH LONGER ARE YOU GOING TO KEEP UP WITH THIS HOCUS POCUS, RAT-FACE?
HE'S NOT AFFECTED!
CURSE YOU! YOU MAY HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SAVE YOURSELF, BUT YOUR LITTLE FRIEND WILL DO AS I COMMAND!
THE TERROR WON OUT! HYPO OUGHT TO GET RID OF HIM BEFORE HE CAN GET AT US!

YOU...WILL...DO...AS ...I...SAY! YOU WILL OBEY MY COMMANDS!
I...I...WILL DO AS YOU COMMAND!
YOU SEE! NOW I CAN DO WITH HIM AS I WISH!
TIM! TIM! CAN YOU HEAR ME?
TAKE THIS KNIFE!
I COMMAND YOU TO STAB THE BLACK TERROR IN THE THROAT!
WILL THE BLACK TERROR DIE AT HIS YOUNG FRIEND'S HANDS?
TIM! GREAT SCOTT! HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING! TIM!


A sudden move!
CRACK!
TERROR---! THE KNIFE---! HOW---? WH---?
QUICK! CUT MY ROPES! HURRY!
GET HIM! THAT BLOW KNOCKED HIM OUT OF THE TRANCE!
In the nick of time!
THERE ---YOU'RE FREE!
WHOA!
WHACK!
I'LL FIX YUH!
NOW I CAN GIVE YOU MY UNDIVIDED ATTENTION!
CRAK!
OWWWWW... MY HAND! IT'S BROKEN!
THERE'S GOING TO BE A LOT MORE GRIEF AROUND HERE BEFORE I'M THROUGH!
STRIKE! SET 'EM UP AGAIN!
I'LL FIX 'EM!
WHACK!

STEEL CONFETTI, EH?
ANOTHER DOSE OF THIS SPRAY··· AND THIS TIME THEY WON'T ESCAPE ME!
RAT-TAT-TAT!
NOW WE'LL MAKE A NICE LITTLE ROUND BALL OUT OF THESE BULLETS AND···
NO··· IT CAN'T BE!
DOWN GOES THE CHIEF RAT!
AGHHH!
LEMME OUTTA HERE!
TIME TO DROP THE CURTAIN ON THIS LITTLE ACT!
CHECK!
SOK!
POW!
WHAM!
WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE···
HERE THEY ARE, BOYS···ALL READY FOR DELIVERY!
IT'S THE BLACK TERROR! HE'S CAPTURED THEM!
···AND HE HAD SOME FLUID THAT ENABLED HIM TO MAKE USE OF HIS HYPNOTIC POWERS! THAT BANK CASHIER OUGHT TO GO FREE!
DON'T WORRY, TERROR, HE WILL! THANKS TO YOU, WE'VE GOT A DANGEROUS GANG UNDER LOCK AND KEY!
ANOTHER TWO-FISTED ACTION STORY WITH THE BLACK TERROR IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!



Didn't your mother ever tell you about SMITH BROTHERS?

ARE YOU A SQUARE?

ARE YOU A DROOP IN A GROUP —A PEST AT A PARTY—A DROOL IN SCHOOL? GET HEP! SWELL TASTING SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS RELIEVE COUGHS THREE WAYS —

1. EASE TICKLE
2. SOOTHE MEMBRANES
3. LOOSEN PHLEGM

COUGH
COUGH

COUGHING IS OFFENSIVE!

ONLY 5¢

GET A PACKAGE TODAY

POT LUCK

By

CHARLES S. STRONG

Young Orphan Tad Hogan Matches Wits With a Ruthless Criminal Schemer!

OLD Seth Bancroft was living out his declining years in the solemn splendor of the Maine Coast. Now and then something exciting came into his life to relieve the monotony. One night Tad Hogan came to his door. Tad was an orphan lad about fifteen years of age, and there was fear in his eyes.

"What's wrong with you, son?" the old seafaring man inquired.

"It's my guardian," Tad explained. "I found out he's a criminal, and he's trying to make me commit a crime. The night before last he robbed the bank at Wood's Cove and brought home the money and hid it. Yesterday he wanted me to go out and try to spend some of it to see if the police would recognize it. I took the money and ran away. Now I'd like to return it to the bank where it belongs."

"That's a good idea," Seth told the boy. "But what brought you up this way?"

"My father was a Maine lobster fisherman," Tad replied proudly. "I thought I might get a job on a boat, and get away from Joel Hartley."

"Maybe we can help you, son, maybe we can," Old Seth told him. "But first we'd better take care of that money so nothing will happen to it. Then you can turn in and get some sleep. You look as though you're plumb tuckered out."

Tad Hogan was glad of the invitation. He was sound asleep, and had apparently forgotten all about his fears when suddenly he was awakened by loud voices. One of the voices was that of his guardian. The other was Seth Bancroft.

"I know that no-good ward of mine came here," Hartley was saying. "He stole a large sum of money from me, and I'm aiming to get it back, or there'll be trouble." Hartley was a blustering sort of a fellow, and it was obvious that he was going to find it a pleasure to bully an old man and a half-grown boy.

"You're not going to lay your hands on Tad while I'm around," Seth declared emphatically.

For answer Joel Hartley drew a gun and replied: "We'll see about that. You produce that money, or I'll gun you down and search the place myself."

"You don't have to kill me," Seth said. "Just tie me up and then search the place." Hartley accepted Seth's suggestion. All this time, Tad was thinking swiftly. Finally he had an idea.

Hartley had completed his binding of Seth Bancroft when Ted Hogan came down from the loft.

"You leave Mr. Bancroft alone," Tad insisted, "and I'll show you where the money is." Seth shook his head sharply, not knowing that the boy had a trick in mind. Joel Hartley readily followed the boy.

"The money is hidden out on the dock," Tad said. He led Joel Hartley out to the long dock that ran from the rear porch of the fisherman's house to deep water. As the man and the boy moved along, Tad pointed to a small red buoy bobbing at the foot of a wooden ladder, and said:

"It's right under that buoy. Reach down with your hand, and you'll be able to grab it."

Joel Hartley studied the boy, then took a length of rope and tied the lad to a piece of piling. He didn't want any tricks while he was recovering the money. The bank robber climbed down the ladder and reached for the money package. Suddenly he dropped off the ladder and started struggling in the water.

Tad Hogan wriggled out of his bonds, and then hurried up to the house. He untied Seth Bancroft swiftly, and picked up a shotgun inside the kitchen door.

"We've got him, we've got him," the youth called out. Old Seth ran along beside him and asked: "Where is he? What has happened?"

"His hand is caught in one of the lobster pots," Tad Hogan explained. "The more he pulls on it, the tighter he is caught, and the weight on the trap has him half drowned. I think we'll be able to handle him."

Seth Bancroft agreed, and moments later he and the boy were making Hartley a willing, if bedraggled, prisoner. Bancroft was proud of Tad Hogan, and soon took steps to adopt him.

The BLACK TERROR
THIS IS THE STORY OF A MAN WHOSE ESCAPE FROM PRISON FREED HIS BODY FROM IRON BARS, BUT ENSLAVED HIS SPIRIT TO A VICIOUS BLACKMAIL GANG -- UNTIL THE BLACK TERROR STUMBLED INTO THE CASE! ONCE MORE, HE SHED THE BRIGHT LIGHT OF JUSTICE IN THE DARK CORNERS OF THE UNDERWORLD!
CC 631
SNAKE AND PACKY, CONFIDENCE MEN, ARE GETTING READY TO CHECK OUT! THEIR "JOB" IS DONE--
YOU'RE LEAVING--YOU'RE RUNNING AWAY! I KNOW WHY! THOSE OIL STOCKS YOU SOLD THIS TOWN ARE A FAKE! I SAW THE RECORDS! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT, YOU CROOKS! I'LL TELL THE POLICE!
HE'S WISE TO US, PACKY! GO TO WORK ON HIM!
THAT OUGHT TO TEACH YA TO KEEP YER BIG MOUTH SHUT!
CRACK!
OHHH!

WE'LL HAVE TO SHUT HIM UP FOR GOOD! HE KNOWS TOO MUCH! THROW HIM OUT OF THE WINDOW!
GOOD IDEA! THE COPS WILL THINK IT A SUICIDE LEAP! NO BULLET MARKS ON HIM! BY THE TIME THEY START LOOKING FOR US, WE'LL BE OUT OF TOWN!
BUT AT THAT MOMENT, TWO BLACK-CLAD FIGURES, WHO HAVE JUST CLEARED UP ANOTHER CASE FOR THE POLICE, PASS THE BUILDING -- THE BLACK TERROR AND HIS YOUNG PARTNER!
TERROR! LOOK-- UP THERE!
GREAT SCOTT! SOMEBODY'S BEING PUSHED OUT!
IT'S THE BLACK TERROR!
LET'S GET OUTTA HERE! MAKE FOR THE ROOF! THE DOUGH IS IN THE BAG!
STOP THEM-- THEY'RE CROOKS! STOLE MONEY-- FROM PEOPLE-- FOR FAKE OIL-- STOCK! STOP-- THEM!
THERE THEY GO, TERROR! TRYING TO GET AWAY OVER THE ROOFS!
HE'S COMING UP AFTER US!
C'MON-- HE WON'T BE ABLE TO MAKE THE ROOF ANYWAY!
A FANTASTIC LEAP!
MADE IT!

NOT SO FAST, PUNKS!
BANG!
BANG
I DON'T RELISH HAVING LEAD THROWN AT ME!
AGHH!
POW!
A LOOSE PEBBLE CAUSES THE BLACK TERROR TO LOSE HIS FOOTING!
THAT OUGHT TO HOLD YA!
SKRATCH!
MOMENTARILY, HE RECOVERS TO SEE--
THERE THEY GO--IN THAT CAR!
AS THE ESCAPE CAR MOVES OFF--
CAN'T LET THOSE RATS GET AWAY!
FALLING SHORT--
OOOPS!
STEP ON IT! HE FELL OFF THE CAR! THIS ISN'T A HEALTHY PLACE FOR US!
TERROR--ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I'M OKAY--BUT THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

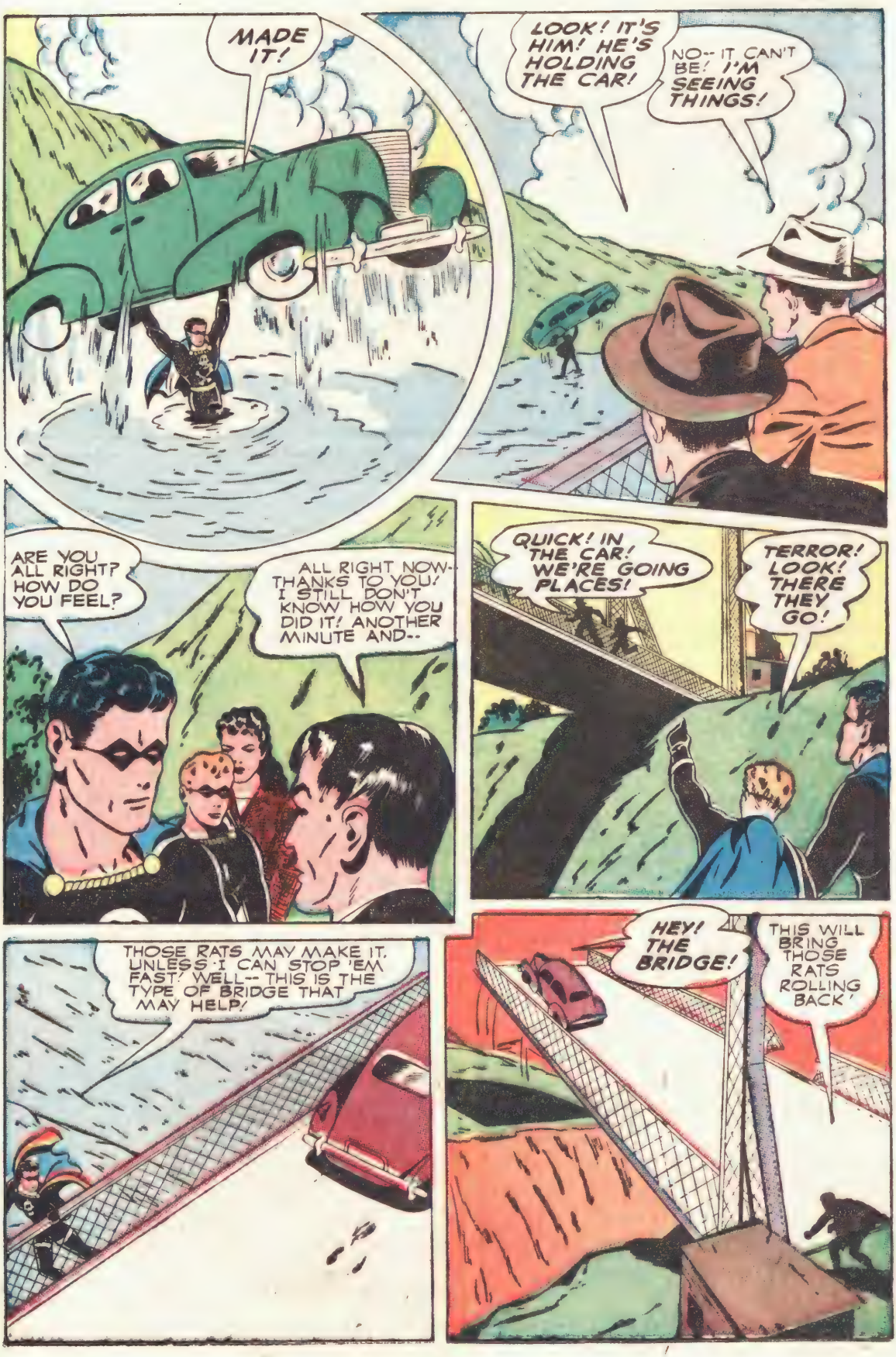
A WEEK LATER--IN BOB BENTON'S DRUG STORE--
LOOKS LIKE THOSE RATS MADE A CLEAN GETAWAY! NO TELLING WHERE THEY ARE NOW!
No Trace of Confidence Men Who Sold Phoney Oil Stocks!
BOB--LOOK WHAT IT SAYS HERE! "CONFIDENCE MEN WITH CARNIVAL CHEAT CITIZENS IN TRICK GAMES! POLICE ARE SEARCHING FOR TWO MEN WHO ANSWER THE FOLLOWING DESCRIPTIONS--"
THOSE DESCRIPTIONS SEEM TO FIT OUR FRIENDS!
THE CARNIVAL WOULD BE AN IDEAL SPOT FOR THOSE PHONEYS! IT'S ONLY A HUNDRED MILES FROM HERE, AND I THINK THE TERROR TWINS WILL BE THERE!
YIPPPEEE! WE'RE HITTING THE ACTION TRAIL AGAIN!
THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE TERROR TWINS ARRIVE AS THE TOWN'S OFFICIALS WELCOME THE CARNIVAL, IN A CEREMONY ON THE GROUNDS!
THAT MUST BE THE MAYOR!
--AND SO, MY FELLOW CITIZENS, THEY SAY THAT ALL WORK AND NO PLAY MAKES JACK A DULL BOY, SO WE'RE GOING TO PLAY FOR A DAY! AND NOW A WORD FROM OUR LEADING CITIZEN, MR. JOHN TOWER!
TWO VERY INTERESTED SPECTATORS GAPE AT THE NEW SPEAKER--
THANK YOU, MR. MAYOR! OF COURSE YOU KNOW THAT MAYOR LEWIS' SON WILL MARRY MY DAUGHTER NEXT WEEK, SO I'D LIKE--
SNAKE! DO YOU SEE HIM? ISN'T THAT JOE KENNER WHO BUSTED OUT OF JAIL WIT' US?
RIGHT! IT'S HIM! WHAT A SET-UP! THE LEADING CITIZEN--AND HE MUST HAVE PLENTY OF DOUGH! I THINK WE GOT SOME VALUABLE INFO' HE WON'T WANT SPILLED!
WHAT A BREAK FOR US! WAIT'LL HE SEES US!

AS JOHN TOWER LEAVES--
HI, PAL--REMEMBER US?
YOU! WHA--!
HE REMEMBERS US ALL RIGHT! SO YER DAUGHTER IS GOING TO MARRY THE MAYOR'S SON! NOT BAD FOR AN EX-CON!
PLEASE! YOU MUSTN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THAT! MY DAUGHTER DOESN'T KNOW! IT WOULD RUIN HER LIFE! I'M A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN NOW AND GOING STRAIGHT! YOU MUST KEEP QUIET!
WELL, WE'RE WILLING TO FORGET--IF YOU GOT ENOUGH TO MAKE IT WORTH-WHILE!
WHA--WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
HUSH MONEY, BUB! PLENTY OF IT! YOU GOT ENOUGH, AND WE'RE CUTTING A NICE HUNK FOR OURSELVES! FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH!
TIM--THERE THEY ARE! LET'S GO!
THE BLACK TERROR!
YOU DON'T SEEM GLAD TO SEE US!
POW!
IT'S THE BLACK TERROR! WHAT'S UP, TERROR? GOT A COUPLE OF RATS IN YOUR TRAP, EH?
SOME OLD FRIENDS WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR! CHASED THEM OUT HERE!
LET US GO--WE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING! WE'RE INNOCENT! IT'S A MISTAKE!
WE'RE HERE ON BUSINESS WITH MR. TOWER! ASK HIM! HE'LL TELL YA WE'RE OKAY! IT'S ALL A MISTAKE!
I CAN'T LET THEM EXPOSE ME! I HATE TO VOUCH FOR THEM--BUT I MUST!
YES--IT'S A MISTAKE! THEY--THEY'RE BUSINESS ACQUAINTANCES OF MINE!
SORRY, MR. TOWER! I GUESS THE TERROR MADE ONE OF HIS FEW MISTAKES! TURN 'EM LOOSE, BOYS! MR. TOWER'S WORD IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR US!

SO LONG, MR. TOWER! SEE YOU TONIGHT ABOUT THAT PROPOSITION!
TOWER HAD TO COVER UP FOR THEM, FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER! HE WAS SCARED! DID YOU SEE THE LOOK ON HIS FACE!? THOSE CROOKS HAVE SOMETHING ON HIM-- SO I THINK WE'LL BE THERE TONIGHT, TOO!
THAT NIGHT--
HERE THEY COME!
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE HOLDING OVER TOWER'S HEAD!
WE DECIDED TO BRING YOU BOYS ALONG, IN CASE THERE'S ANY TROUBLE WITH THE BLACK TERROR! ONCE WE GET THAT PILE OF DOUGH FROM TOWER, WE'LL CUT YOU IN!
DON'T WORRY, PACKY-- WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE BLACK TERROR!
HERE-- HERE'S 28 THOUSAND DOLLARS! IT'S ALL THE CASH I WAS ABLE TO RAISE! NOW PLEASE GO AWAY!
I TOLD YOU-- I WANTED FIFTY THOUSAND! WE'RE STAYING UNTIL WE GET THE REST OF THE DOUGH!
BUT-- THAT'S ALL THE MONEY I HAVE IN THE WORLD! EVERYTHING!
THEN START SELLING THAT STORE OF YOURS! OR MAYBE YOU'D LIKE YER DAUGHTER TO GET AN EARFUL ABOUT HER OLD MAN!
WE DON'T LIKE TO BE STALLED, SO YA BETTER GET IT UP!
SLAP!

LET'S GO, TIM! I HAVE ALL THE PROOF I WANT ON THIS BLACKMAIL SHAKEDOWN!
LOOK OUT!
I THINK WE'LL DO A LITTLE SHAKING DOWN OURSELVES!
WHAM!
POW!
KILL HIM--! OWWWW!
DADDDY! WHAT'S GOING ON--? OHHHHH!
HOLD IT, TERROR-- OR THE GIRL GETS IT! I'M NOT FOOLING!
NO--NO! TERROR-- PLEASE-- DO AS HE SAYS! SAVE MY DAUGHTER!
YOU RATS THINK OF EVERYTHING, DON'T YOU?
SUDDENLY-- TWO SNEAK BLOWS!
CRACK!
GOT HIM!
RELAX, KID!
CRACK!
NOW WE GOT 'EM SO THAT THEY'LL NEVER BLAB ABOUT WHAT THEY KNOW! TIE UP THOSE OTHER TWO!
I THINK YOU'RE THINKING WHAT I AM, PACKY! WE GOT TO GET RID OF 'EM PERMANENTLY! IF THEY EVER GET TO THE COPS, WE'RE SUNK!

YOU SURE TURNED OUT TO BE A PRIZE EASY MARK, TOWER! THE PAPERS OUT WEST HAD A WRITE-UP AFTER YOU ESCAPED, THAT EVIDENCE WAS FOUND PROVING YOU WERE INNOCENT! THE GOVERNOR WAS TRYING TO PARDON YOU! BUT IT'S TOO LATE NOW!
YOU--YOU--MEAN--THEY FINALLY FOUND PROOF I WAS INNOCENT? YOU DEVILS MADE ME GO WITH YOU! I DIDN'T WANT TO ESCAPE!
ENOUGH TALK! TAKE 'EM OUTSIDE IN THE CAR! WE'RE GETTING RID OF THEM ALL, TO PLAY SAFE!
I THINK THE BRIDGE IDEA IS OUR BEST BET! WE'LL TAKE TOWER'S CAR!
A SHORT TIME LATER ON A LONELY BRIDGE--
OKAY--THIS IS IT! WE PUT THE FOUR OF THEM IN TOWER'S CAR AND SEND IT THROUGH THE BRIDGE! BY THE TIME THEY FISH THEM OUT, WE'LL BE MILES AWAY FROM HERE!
THERE THEY GO! GIVE OUR REGARDS TO THE FISHES!
LET'S WAIT HERE A FEW MINUTES, TO MAKE SURE WE HAVEN'T BEEN SEEN!
THE SHOCK OF THE COLD WATER SPURS THE BLACK TERROR TO MIGHTY EFFORTS!
MUST GET--OUT OF--! AHHH--THERE GO THE ROPES!
NOW IF I CAN GET UNDER THE CAR AND FORCE IT TO--THE SURFACE! I MUST!


MADE IT!
LOOK! IT'S HIM! HE'S HOLDING THE CAR!
NO-- IT CAN'T BE! I'M SEEING THINGS!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? HOW DO YOU FEEL?
ALL RIGHT NOW-- THANKS TO YOU! I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT! ANOTHER MINUTE AND--
QUICK! IN THE CAR! WE'RE GOING PLACES!
TERROR! LOOK! THERE THEY GO!
THOSE RATS MAY MAKE IT. UNLESS I CAN STOP 'EM FAST! WELL-- THIS IS THE TYPE OF BRIDGE THAT MAY HELP!
HEY! THE BRIDGE!
THIS WILL BRING THOSE RATS ROLLING BACK!

THEY'RE COMING HOME TO BE PUNISHED! STAND BY!
YOU GOT 'EM, TERROR!
LAST STOP-- EVERYBODY OUT!
WHY DID I EVER START UP WITH THE TERROR!
NOW WE CAN CONTINUE WHERE WE LEFT OFF!
MY-- MY-- WHAT A FAMILIAR FEEL TO THAT CHIN!
POW!
SOK!
AND NOW FOR THE GRUESOME TWOSOME!
AGHH!
MMMFFF!
SOCKO!
AS THE POLICE TAKE OVER--
THAT'S ALL IT WAS! A SIMPLE CASE OF BLACKMAIL, BUT THOSE BIRDS HAVE A RECORD A YARD LONG! THEY'RE WANTED IN HALF A DOZEN PLACES!
I--I-- THOUGHT THEY HAD SOMETHING ON ME, DEAR! BUT I'M INNOCENT, DO YOU HEAR? INNOCENT!
THE FOLLOWING DAY-- IN THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE--
THIS IS A PETITION SIGNED BY ALL THE CITIZENS OF THE TOWN, MR. GOVERNOR, ASKING FOR THE FULL PARDON OF JOHN TOWER!
I'VE ALREADY MADE UP MY MIND TO GRANT IT, TERROR, INASMUCH AS HE WAS INNOCENT IN THE FIRST PLACE!
I OWE EVERYTHING TO YOU, TERROR! WOULD YOU AND YOUR YOUNG PARTNER HONOR US BY ATTENDING MY DAUGHTER'S WEDDING TONIGHT?
I THINK WE'D LIKE TO, MR. TOWER! ESPECIALLY IF WE CAN KISS THE BRIDE!
Another hurricane of action paced by the one and only

BIG GAME HUNTERS

By

DONALD BAYNE HOBART

Jerry Lang and His Dad Always Bring Them in Alive—Whether They're Animals or Just a Couple of Thieves!

JERRY LANG was a fourteen-year-old boy whose father was a big game hunter. Norton Lang caught wild animals alive in far-off countries and brought them back to be placed in the zoos of big cities. During the war Jerry's father had been in the service but now he was discharged and had gone back to big game hunting.

"I'm glad that I was able to bring you with me this time, Jerry," Lang said to the boy. "I think you will find Africa fascinating, just as I always have."

"I do, Dad," Jerry said, staring at the dense jungle all around them. In the distance he heard the natives of the safari singing a strange chant. "I think it is wonderful."

Suddenly, from back in the brush, there came a strange wild cry. Jerry looked anxiously at his father as he heard it. Norton Lang frowned and reached for his high-powered rifle.

"What is it?" Jerry asked. "Some animal?"

"I don't know," said Lang. "I never heard an animal make a noise quite like that."

Again came the weird cry—and it was louder this time.

Jerry glanced at the spot where the natives had been gathered around a small fire, eating their evening meal. The men had all disappeared.

"The natives are gone, Dad," said the boy. "That strange noise must have frightened them away."

Abruptly two rough-looking white men stepped out of the brush. One of them carried a gun—and he was covering Lang and the boy with the rifle. The other man carried a long object that Jerry recognized—it was a clarinet.

"Thought we would scare those natives away with the wild call of that clarinet," said one of the men. "Heard that you usually carry a lot of money with you, Lang. We'll take that silver—hand it over."

Lang realized that the two men were dangerous and he put down his rifle and stood up. He glanced at the small tent that the natives had put up so that the game hunter and his son would be comfortable for the night.

"I haven't any money on me," Lang said, and again he glanced toward the tent, and then looked away quickly. "Who are you two men?"

"You can call me Smith," said the man with the rifle, "and this is my pal, Jones."

"That's right," said Jones with an evil grin. "And you can stop stalling, Lang. We know that you keep the money somewhere in that tent. Send the boy in to get it."

"All right, Jerry," said Lang. "Go on in."

Jerry stepped into the tent. He knew that his father had his money in a money-belt he wore around his waist under his shirt.

The boy worked fast when he was in the tent. He quickly lifted the center pole up out of the hole in which it had been placed. Now only the guy ropes fastened to stakes held the tent from toppling over. Jerry crawled out under the back of the tent, grabbing up a knife as he did so.

"Help!" he shouted wildly. "There's a big snake in here."

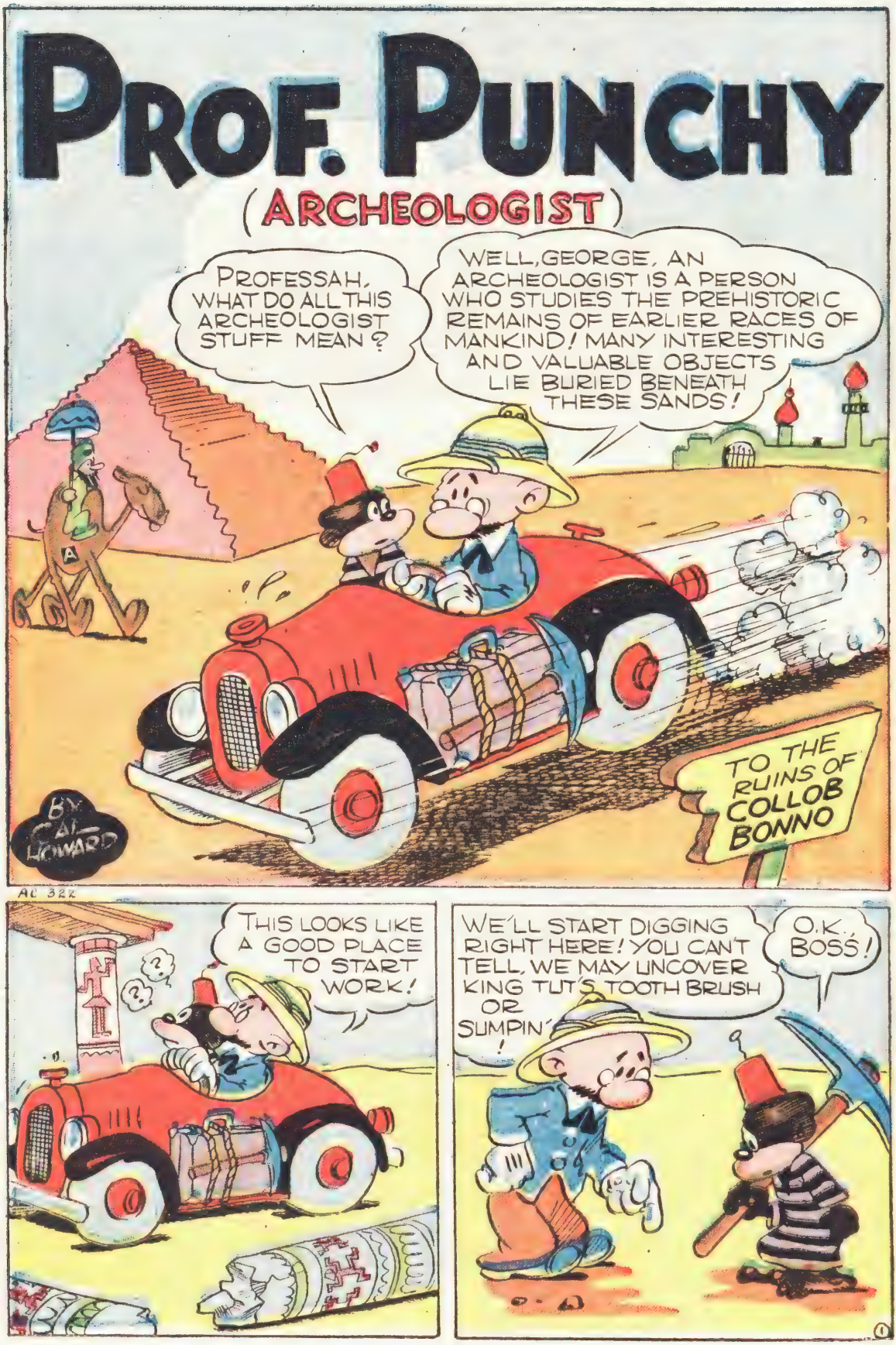
As they heard the boy's cry, Smith and Jones forced the big game hunter ahead of them into the tent. Outside Jerry ran from stake to stake cutting the guy ropes.

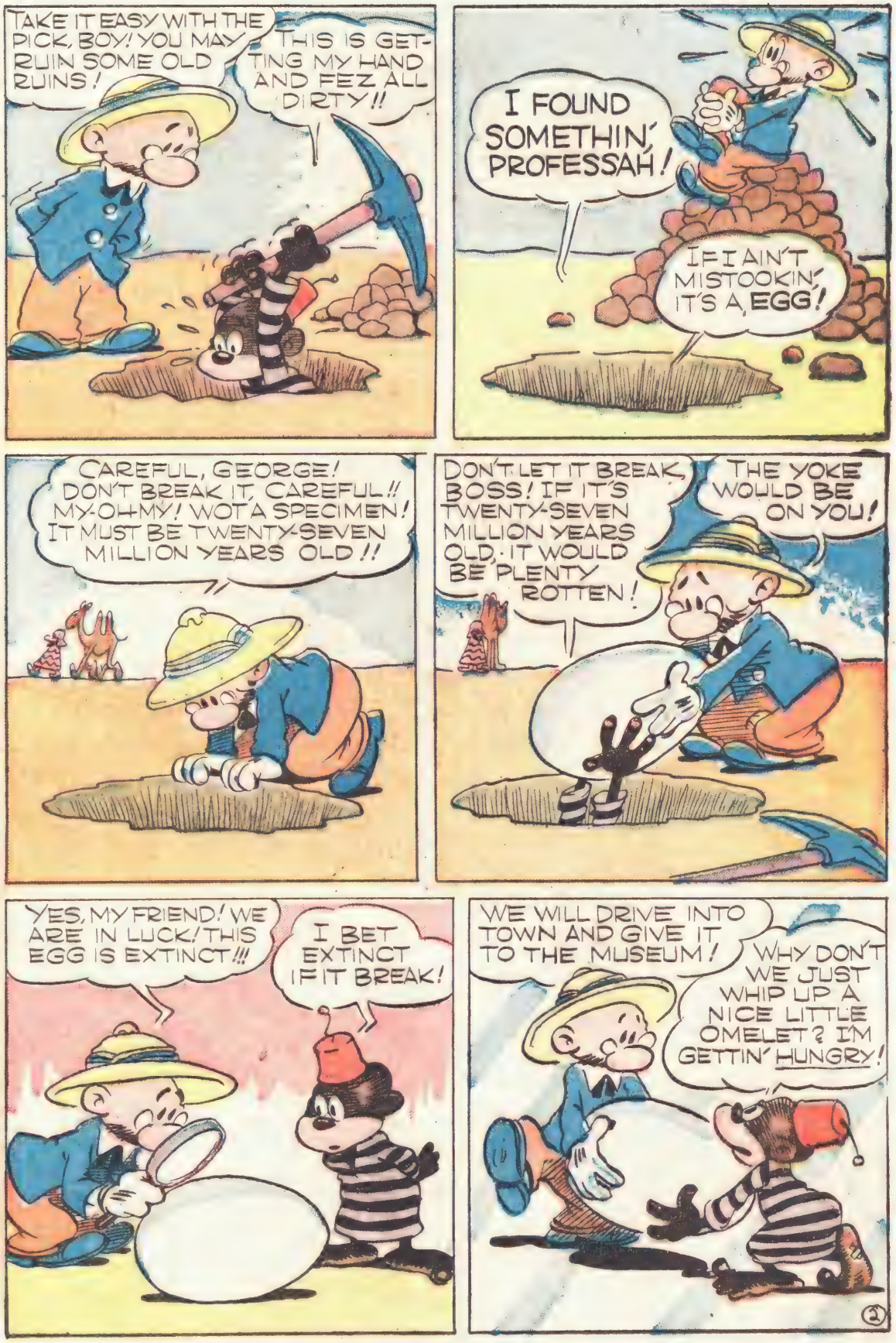
Lang ducked out under the side of the tent—just as it came tumbling down on the two men, burying them in its folds!

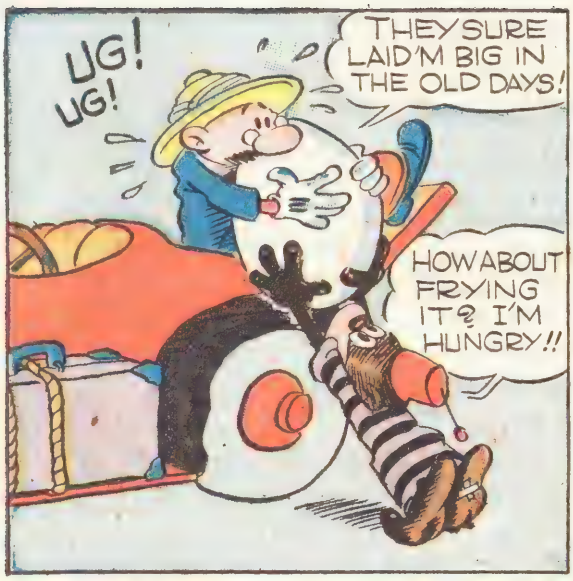
Lang grabbed up his rifle. As he did so the natives returned, having seen there was nothing wrong at the camp—at least there were no evil spirits around. At Lang's orders they captured the two men and tied them up.

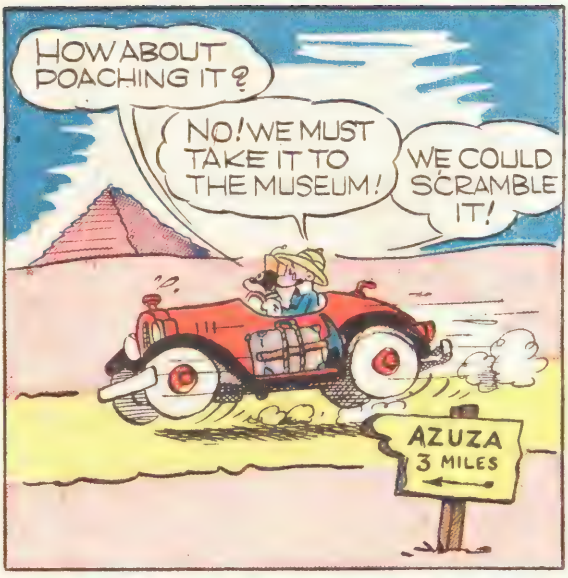
"You always catch them alive, don't you, Dad," said Jerry with a smile. "Even when it is a couple of robbers."

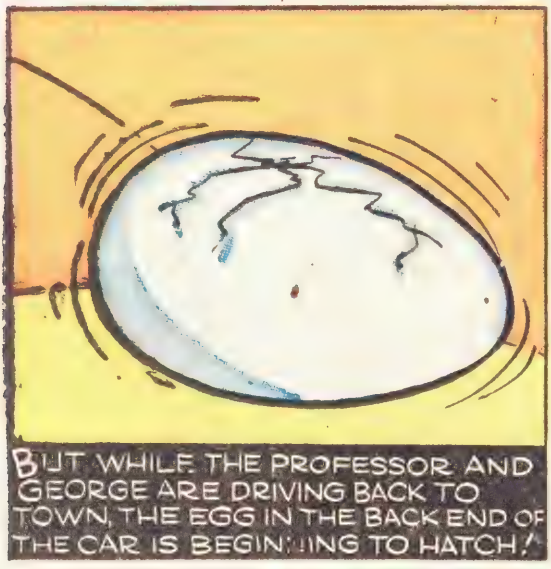
"I do, with your help, Son," said Lang. "You make a good big game hunter, Jerry!"

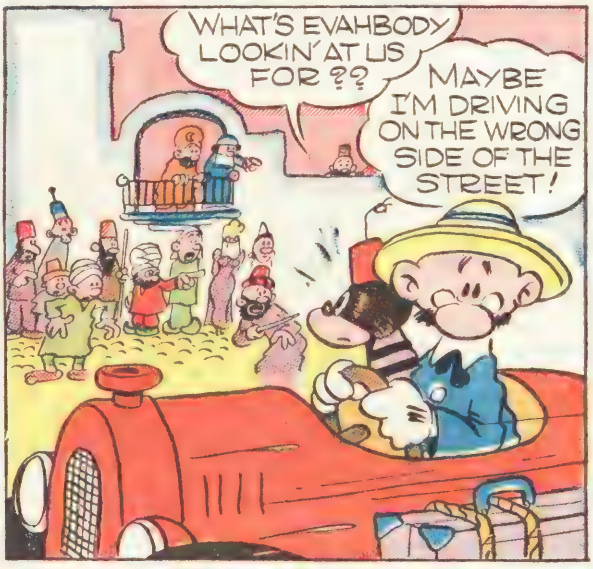

PROF. PUNCHY
(ARCHEOLOGIST)
PROFESSAH, WHAT DO ALL THIS ARCHEOLOGIST STUFF MEAN?
WELL, GEORGE, AN ARCHEOLOGIST IS A PERSON WHO STUDIES THE PREHISTORIC REMAINS OF EARLIER RACES OF MANKIND! MANY INTERESTING AND VALUABLE OBJECTS LIE BURIED BENEATH THESE SANDS!
TO THE RUINS OF COLLOB BONNO
BY CAL HOWARD
AC 322
THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO START WORK!
WE'LL START DIGGING RIGHT HERE! YOU CAN'T TELL, WE MAY UNCOVER KING TUT'S TOOTH BRUSH OR SUMPIN'!
O.K., BOSS!

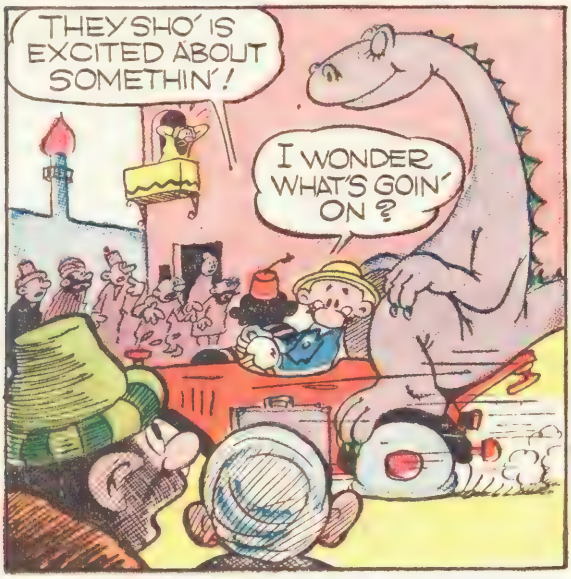

TAKE IT EASY WITH THE PICK, BOY! YOU MAY RUIN SOME OLD RUINS!
THIS IS GETTING MY HAND AND FEZ ALL DIRTY!!
I FOUND SOMETHIN', PROFESSAH!
IF I AIN'T MISTOOKIN', IT'S A EGG!
CAREFUL, GEORGE! DON'T BREAK IT, CAREFUL!! MY-OH-MY! WOT A SPECIMEN! IT MUST BE TWENTY-SEVEN MILLION YEARS OLD!!
DON'T LET IT BREAK, BOSS! IF IT'S TWENTY-SEVEN MILLION YEARS OLD, IT WOULD BE PLENTY ROTTEN!
THE YOKE WOULD BE ON YOU!
YES, MY FRIEND! WE ARE IN LUCK! THIS EGG IS EXTINCT!!!
I BET EXTINCT IF IT BREAK!
WE WILL DRIVE INTO TOWN AND GIVE IT TO THE MUSEUM!
WHY DON'T WE JUST WHIP UP A NICE LITTLE OMELET? I'M GETTIN' HUNGRY!
2

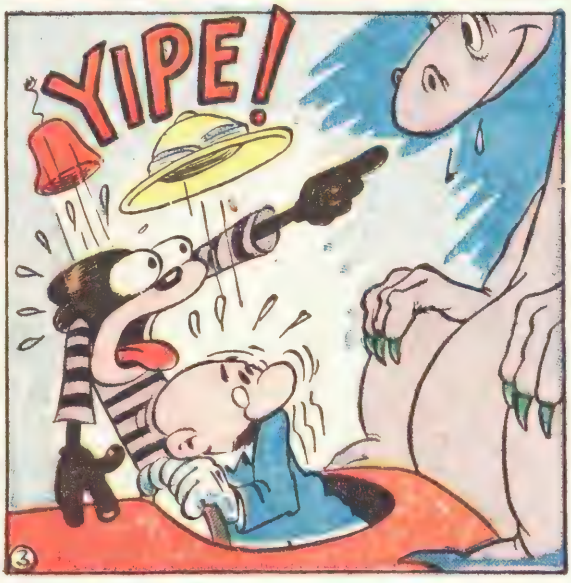

UG! UG!
THEY SURE LAID 'M BIG IN THE OLD DAYS!
HOW ABOUT FRYING IT? I'M HUNGRY!!

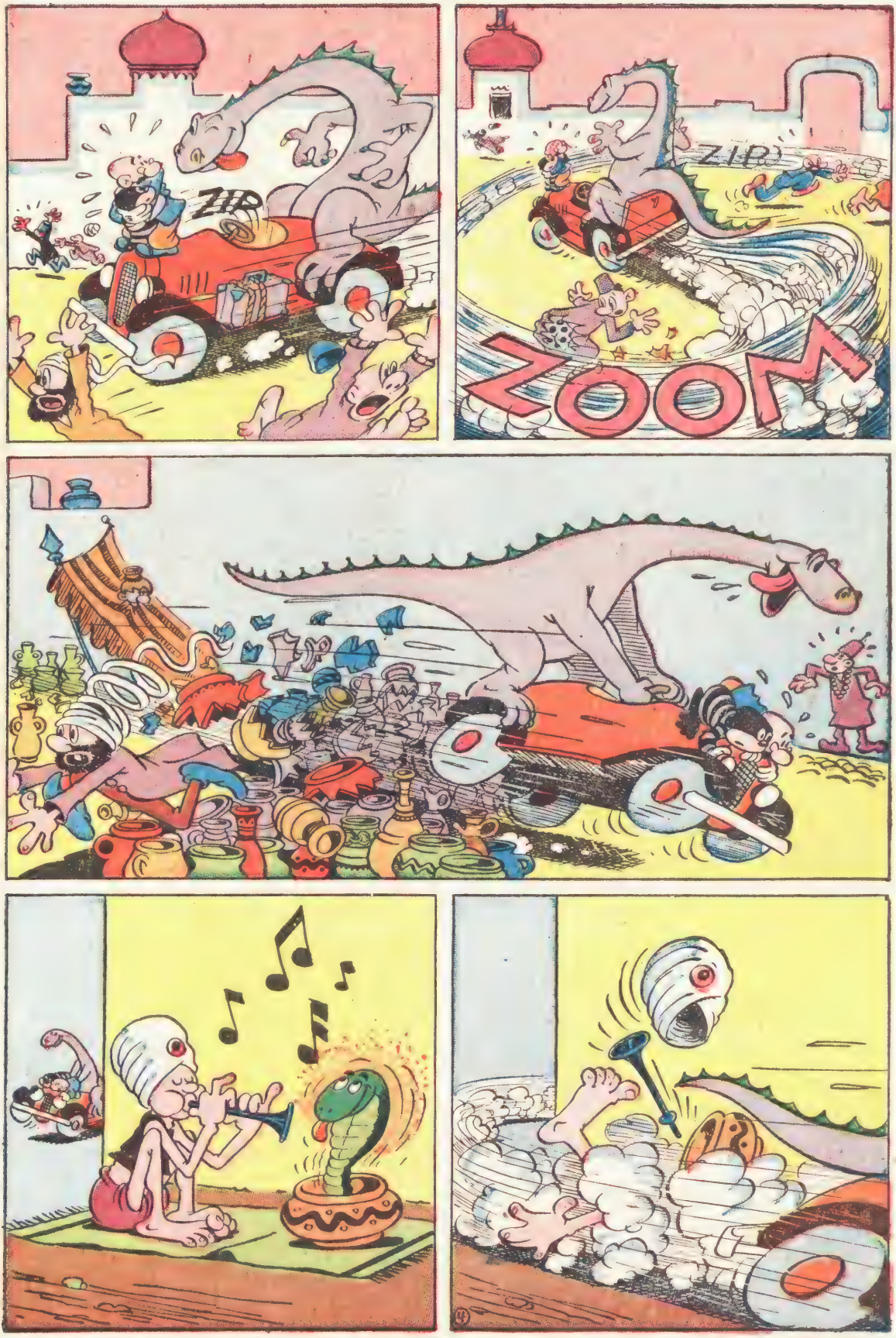

HOW ABOUT POACHING IT?
NO! WE MUST TAKE IT TO THE MUSEUM!
WE COULD SCRAMBLE IT!
AZUZA 3 MILES

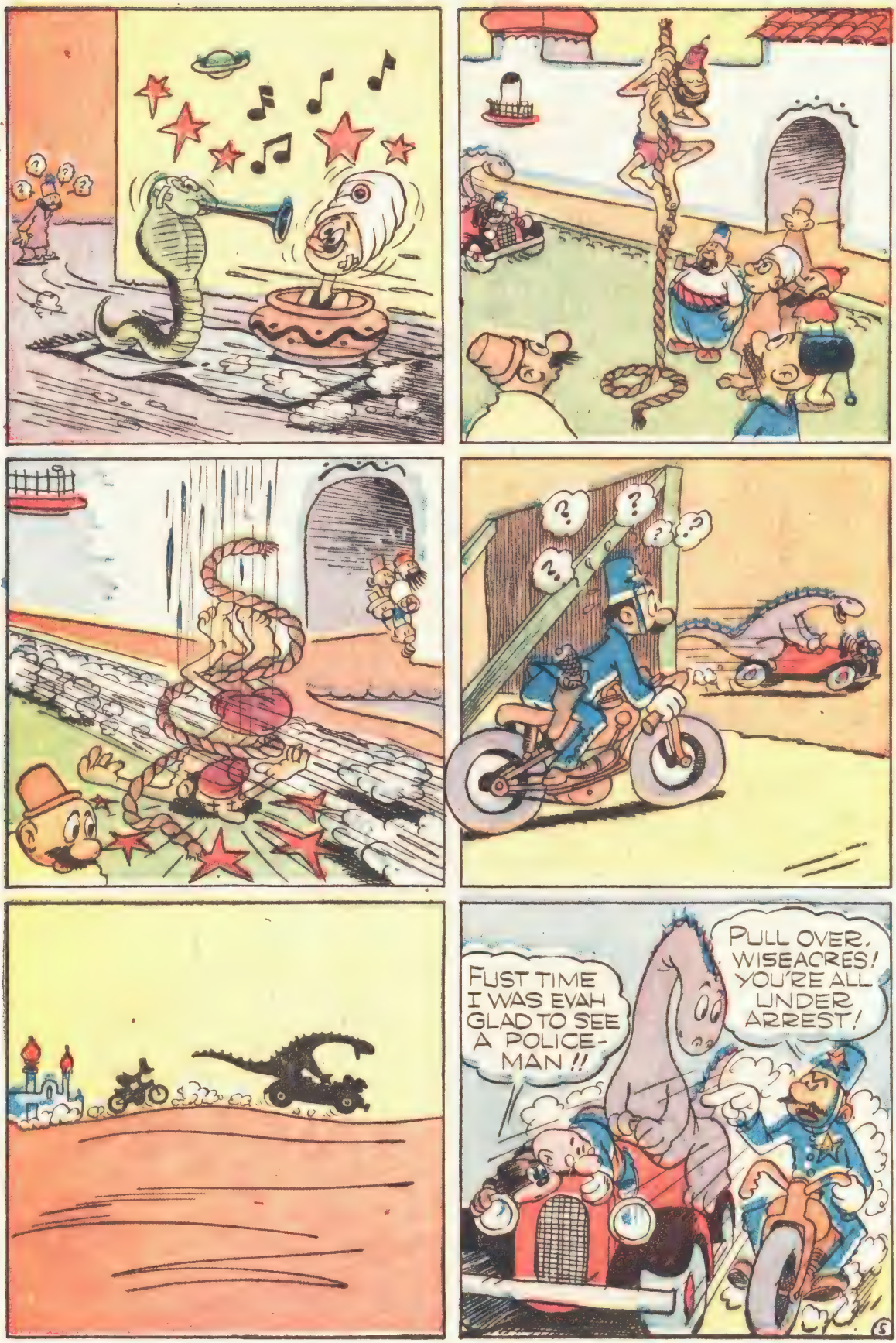

BUT WHILE THE PROFESSOR AND GEORGE ARE DRIVING BACK TO TOWN, THE EGG IN THE BACK END OF THE CAR IS BEGIN'NING TO HATCH!


WHAT'S EVAHBODY LOOKIN' AT US FOR??
MAYBE I'M DRIVING ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE STREET!


THEY SHO' IS EXCITED ABOUT SOMETHIN'!
I WONDER WHAT'S GOIN' ON?


YIPE!
3


ZIP
ZIP
ZOOM


FUST TIME I WAS EVAH GLAD TO SEE A POLICE-MAN !!
PULL OVER, WISEACRES! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!

TELL IT TO THE JUDGE!!
BELIEVE ME, I NEVER SAW THIS CREATURE BEFORE IN MY LIFE!!!
THASS RITE!
WELL, I GUESS IN THAT CASE I CAN LET YOU GO THIS TIME!!
I LOOKED AROUND AND THERE IT WAS- SITTING IN MY CAR!! HONEST!
GULP
SLURP!
CRUNCH
HE'S EATING MY MOTORCYCLE!
JUST FOR THAT, YOU CAN ALL GO TO JAIL!
COME ON! GET IN THERE, ALL THREE OF YOU!
YOU CAN'T PUT ALL THREE OF US IN THERE!!
I DIDN'T THINK THE LAD COULD DO IT!!
IF WE'DA EAT THE EGG, THIS WOULDN'TA HAPPENED!

BOBBY'S BOAT

By WILLIAM B. McCLELLAN

BOBBY GRAYSON lived on his father's ranch on the edge of the Indian country. Some one was stirring up trouble among the tribes, and Old Dad Grayson was constantly warning his cowboys about being careful, and getting back home at night. One day, however, Bobby was riding the river canyons with puncher Hank Dolan, looking for strays. They were attacked by a band of Sioux Indians, and while they fought off the Indians long enough to make their way into a willow thicket, the marksmanship of the redmen was good enough to wound both horses.

"We can doctor the cayuses if we get half a chance," Hank Dolan said. "Injuns don't like to kill horses. They'd rather drive them off. But we're sure on a spot here."

Bobby Grayson looked out of the edge of the willow thicket up toward the surrounding rocks, and realized that the Indians were closing in.

Then he watched while Hank tended to the wounds of the horses and turned them loose, since they were unable to carry any weight on their backs.

"Maybe we could get away down the river," Bobby suggested.

Hank Dolan shook his head slowly. "Not a chance," he said. "There's no wood in this thicket bigger around than your thumb. You can't make a boat or a raft out of anything like that."

The boy and the man were quiet a while. They could hear the Indians shouting to each other, and now and then there was a burst of gunfire and a flight of arrows as the Sioux tried to locate them in their hiding place.

"They'll hold us here until morning," Dolan declared. "Then when we're tired out, they'll rush the place, or set the willows on fire. We've got to be gone by then."

Bobby Grayson realized the seriousness of the situation. While he was thinking about

it, they heard a movement back in the thicket. Both cowpunchers decided it was one of the Indians trying to sneak up on them. Hank Dolan opened fire with his six-gun. There was a thrashing in the willows, then silence.

"Let's see what we got," Bobby Grayson suggested. He crawled forward through the willows. Hank Dolan was close behind him. Suddenly the boy said: "It's not an Indian. It's an old maverick steer."

The steer was dead. Dolan breathed a sigh of relief. Then he said:

"Well, at least we can eat." He drew his knife from its sheathe, and butchered the steer. While he was working on this, Bobby suddenly had an idea. He turned to Hank and said:

"I think we can get out of here. Remember the old bull boats the buffalo hunters used to build to ship their skins down the rivers? Why can't we build one? The Indians won't expect anything like that. So they won't be watching the river too closely. Maybe we can get down to the ranch-house and bring back the boys before daylight."

Hank Dolan thought it was a good idea. They worked rapidly, skinning the steer. Then Bobby took Hank's knife and cut down some of the willows. He bent one of them into a complete circle, and fastened it together with vines from the undergrowth. Then Hank and Bobby bent other willows to form the framework of a bowl-like boat. Over this they stretched the fresh hide from the steer, and fastened it with strips of rawhide.

"A little mud to caulk it," Bobby said, "and we're ready to go."

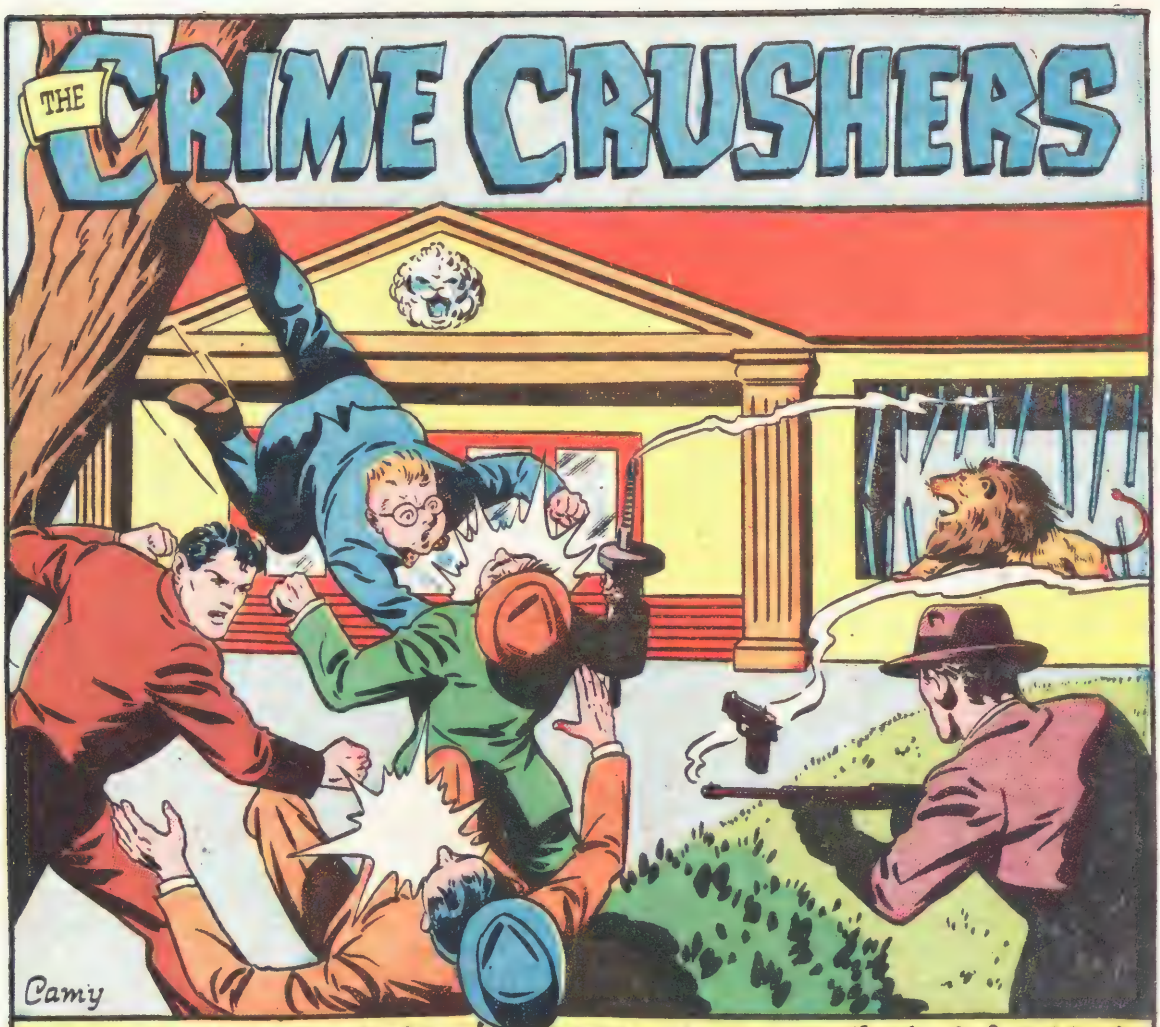
Complete darkness had closed in about them as they worked. They saw the lights of Indian fires, and the feathered head of a sentry, too far away for pistol fire. Sure that their enemies were waiting for morning, Hank and Bobby climbed into their little boat and pushed out into the river.

"It's all right," Hank said happily. "You sure saved the day for us, Bobby."

The boat floated down the river for about an hour. And a few moments later Bobby and Hank told the other cowboys of their experience, and the boys were riding to clean up the Sioux menace. Bobby was definitely the hero of the occasion!

A Quick-Thinking Lad Outwits Marauding Indians!

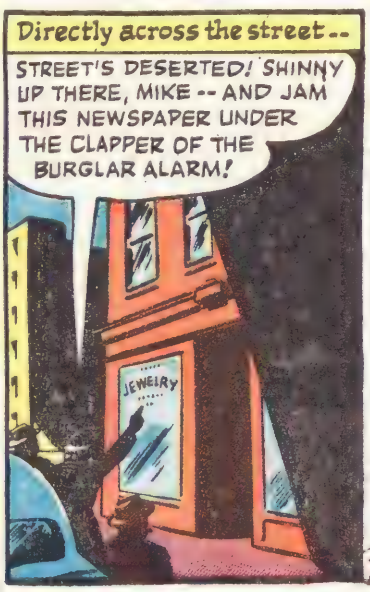
THE CRIME CRUSHERS

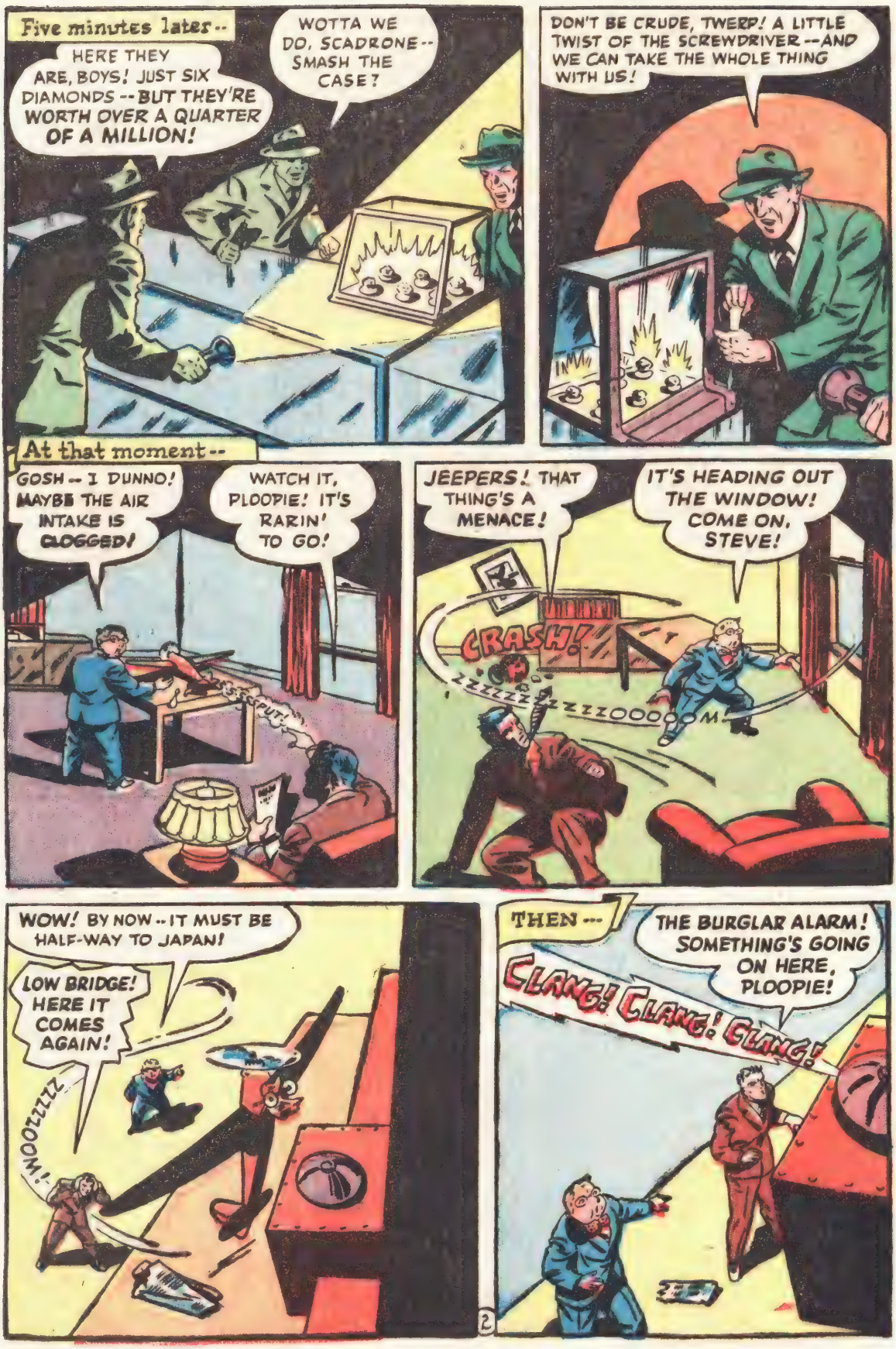


Imagine trailing a band of hardened killers to a zoo in the dead of night--in a wild search for a fortune in diamonds! It's the kind of wild adventure *The Crime Crushers* manage to get into--but see what happens when they start getting out!

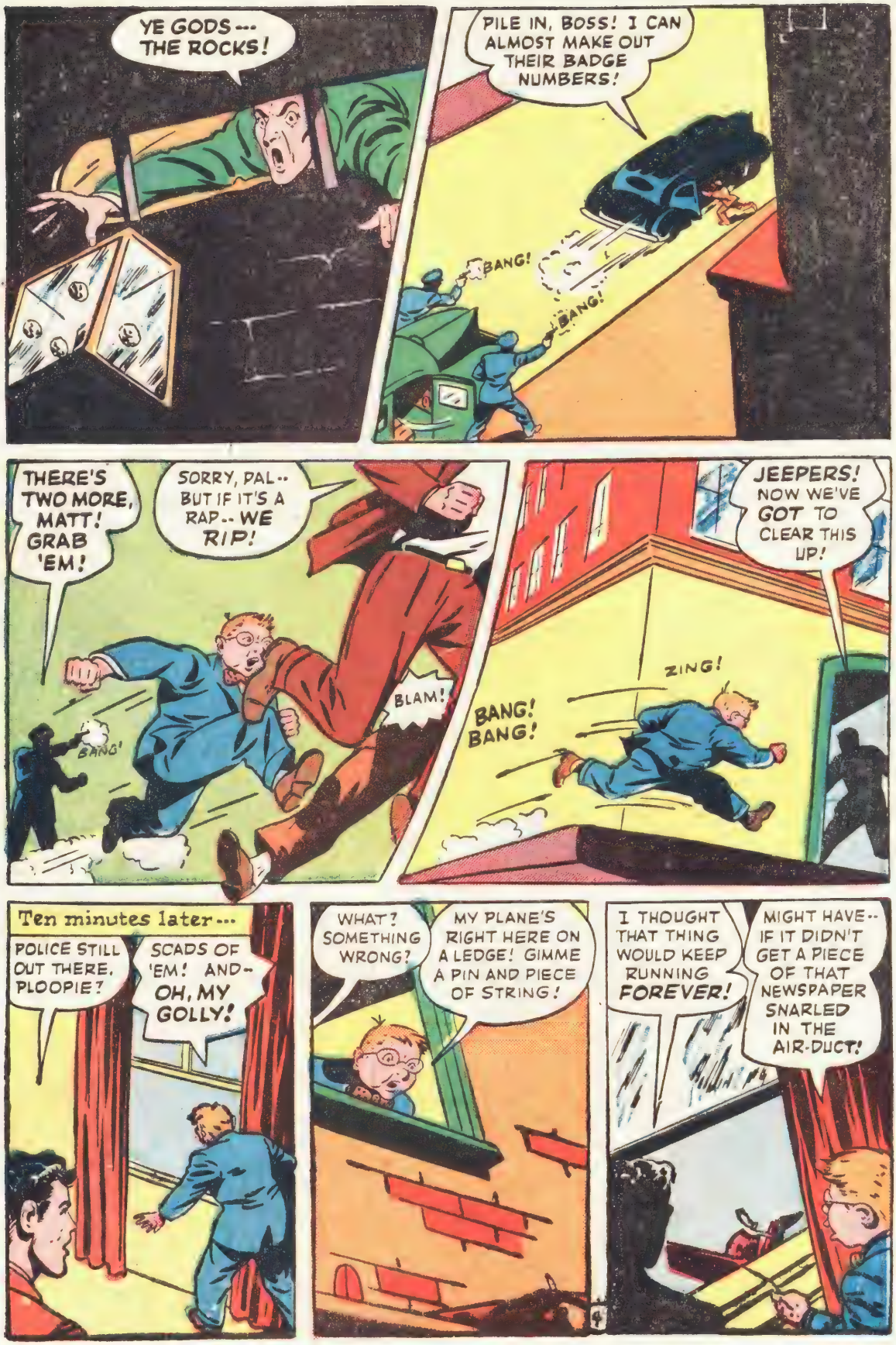
CC-481

One evening --
DON'T YOU GET TIRED WORKING ON THAT MODEL JET PLANE, PLOOPIE?
NOT ME, STEVE! IT'S GONNA FLY IF I HAVE TO WORK ON IT ALL NIGHT!


Directly across the street --
STREET'S DESERTED! SHINNY UP THERE, MIKE -- AND JAM THIS NEWSPAPER UNDER THE CLAPPER OF THE BURGLAR ALARM!
JEWELRY


Five minutes later--
HERE THEY ARE, BOYS! JUST SIX DIAMONDS -- BUT THEY'RE WORTH OVER A QUARTER OF A MILLION!
WOTTA WE DO, SCADRONE -- SMASH THE CASE?
DON'T BE CRUDE, TWERP! A LITTLE TWIST OF THE SCREWDRIVER -- AND WE CAN TAKE THE WHOLE THING WITH US!
At that moment--
GOSH -- I DUNNO! MAYBE THE AIR INTAKE IS CLOGGED!
WATCH IT, PLOOPIE! IT'S RARIN' TO GO!
SSSPUT!
JEEPERS! THAT THING'S A MENACE!
IT'S HEADING OUT THE WINDOW! COME ON, STEVE!
CRASH!
ZZZZZZZZZZZOOOOOOM
WOW! BY NOW -- IT MUST BE HALF-WAY TO JAPAN!
LOW BRIDGE! HERE IT COMES AGAIN!
ZZZZOOM!
THEN ---
THE BURGLAR ALARM! SOMETHING'S GOING ON HERE, PLOOPIE!
CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

WHO IN BLAZES QUEERED THAT BURGLAR ALARM?
I CAN GUESS, BOSS!
SOK!
LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN GUESS WHAT HAPPENS NEXT, BUB!
POW!
WHY NOT DUCK BACK FOR ANOTHER LOAD, RAT?
GIMME A CHANCE FOR A SHOT, BOYS!
JEWELRY
CRRASH!
SOK!
CLUNK!
ZZZZOOM!
WAM!
RAT-TAT-TAT!
Suddenly-
THE COPS! FOR THE LUVVA MUD -- GET THE CAR STARTED!
JUST AS SOON AS I BRUSH OFF THE CRUMBS, BOSS!
WOO-O-O-O!
CRAK!
CRAK!
As the gunmen rush off --
WOO.OOOPS!
WAM!
3

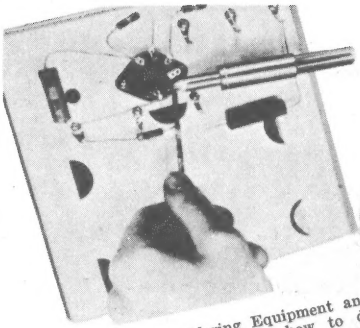

YE GODS--- THE ROCKS!
PILE IN, BOSS! I CAN ALMOST MAKE OUT THEIR BADGE NUMBERS!
BANG!
BANG!
THERE'S TWO MORE, MATT! GRAB 'EM!
SORRY, PAL-- BUT IF IT'S A RAP-- WE RIP!
BANG!
BLAM!
JEEPERS! NOW WE'VE GOT TO CLEAR THIS UP!
ZING!
BANG! BANG!
Ten minutes later---
POLICE STILL OUT THERE, PLOOPIE?
SCADS OF 'EM! AND-- OH, MY GOLLY!
WHAT? SOMETHING WRONG?
MY PLANE'S RIGHT HERE ON A LEDGE! GIMME A PIN AND PIECE OF STRING!
I THOUGHT THAT THING WOULD KEEP RUNNING FOREVER!
MIGHT HAVE-- IF IT DIDN'T GET A PIECE OF THAT NEWSPAPER SNARLED IN THE AIR-DUCT!

HEY! THERE'S SOMETHING WRITTEN ON IT!
PROBABLY BY THE NEWSDEALER! "J. SCADRONE --402"!
J. SCADRONE
IF SCADRONE ISN'T THE BIRD WE'RE AFTER --AT LEAST IT'S A CLUE!
HERE'S A JOE SCADRONE LISTED AT THE WEST SIDE HOTEL! LET'S TAKE A LOOK!
Meanwhile...
GOSH, BOSS -- WHY DID YOU HAVE TO DROP THOSE ROCKS DOWN A SEWER?
SHADDAP! THAT SHOWCASE IS HEAVY WOOD-- IT'S BOUND TO FLOAT!
ACCORDIN' TO THIS SURVEYOR'S MAP -- THE ROCKHAM STREET SEWER RUNS UNDER THE MUNICIPAL ZOO!
YEAH -- BUT THERE AREN'T ANY MANHOLES! THE ZOO'S GOT NOTHIN' BUT DRAINAGE GRATES!
SO WHAT? FOR A QUARTER OF A MILLION -- I'LL BLOW UP THE WHOLE ZOO! YOU STAY HERE AND WATCH THE JOINT, TIPPY!
Ten minutes later...
WELL -- SHOULD WE KNOCK, PLOOPIE?
NAW! LET'S TAKE A CHANCE --AND BUST RIGHT IN!
ZZZ-ZZZ-ZZZZZ
GANGWAY! --WE'RE COMIN' THROUGH!
HE'S ONE OF 'EM, PLOOPIE! HOP ONTO HIM!
CRASH!

WONDERFUL WHAT A LITTLE COMMANDO STUFF WILL DO, RAT!
THOUGH THERE'S A LOT TO BE SAID FOR THE OLD RELIABLE CHOP ON THE SNAPPERS!
POW!
THERE MIGHT BE A MURDER BEFORE THE NIGHT'S OVER -- AND IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE CONSIDERED AN ACCESSORY -- YOU'D BETTER TALK NOW!
OKAY -- BUT YOU WON'T BELIEVE ME! SCADRONE AND THE BOYS WENT OVER TO THE ZOO!
At the darkened park entrance --
IF IT'S A TIGHT SQUEEZE FOR YOU, STEVE -- I DUNNO WHETHER I'M GONNA MAKE IT!
THEN DROP DOWN INTO THE CAMEL ENCLOSURE -- AND I'LL OPEN THE BARRED GATE!
READY IN THERE?
I'LL BE RIGHT WITH ---OOOOOPS!
WUMP!
CLIMB DOWN, SHEIK -- THIS IS NO TIME TO MAKE FUNNY!
T-T-TELL THAT T-T-TO THE C-C-CAMEL!
WOW! NEVER SAW A CAMEL MOVE THAT FAST!
M-M-MAYBE HE W-WORKED FOR R-ROMMEL, IN N-N-NORTH AFRICA!

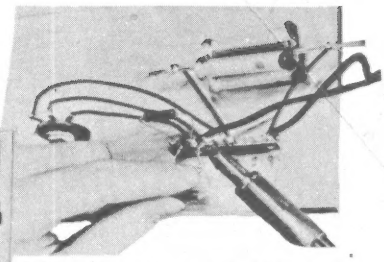
A moment later --
DO WE GOTTA OPERATE SO CLOSE TO THE LION HOUSE, SCADRONE?
DON'T WORRY YOUR LITTLE HEAD! GOT THAT DYNAMITE HOOKED UP?
Suddenly--
HEY! AM I GETTIN' THE WHAMMIES -- OR IS THAT HORSE WEARIN' AN OVERCOAT?
OMIGOSH! STEVE--THEY'RE HERE!
WELL, WELL! IF IT AIN'T THE LIGHT BRIGADE!
WHAM!
BARRROOM!
UF!
BANG!
CRUMB!
GOLLY! THAT BUILDING'S HALF-WRECKED!
YEAH? I WAS WONDERING WHERE THESE APES CAME FROM!
THUD!
BANG!
POW!
A moment later --
CARR-RRGH!
YIPE! DON'T WASTE YOUR STRENGTH, STEVE -- WE'LL NEED IT FOR RUNNIN'!

YOW! WHY DON'T THEY FEED THOSE THINGS?
LEAD HIM THE OTHER WAY, IDIOT --I'M STILL CLIMBIN'!
In the damaged lion house --
HE'LL NEVER THINK OF COMING BACK HERE!
MAYBE HE'S THE HOME-LOVING TYPE! COME ON -- TAKE COVER!
IMAGINE THAT! WE'RE IN A SEWER!
OW-W! WHAT'D I HIT --- A U-BOAT?
SPLASH!
STEVE! WE GOT 'EM! ...THE DIAMONDS!
WOOOOO
HEAR THAT SIREN? LET'S GIVE THE COPS A HAND!
WHEN YOU MUGS GET TIRED OF PLAYING WITH THE SQUIRRELS --START CLIMBING!
I'M TELLIN' YA THERE'S A LION LOOSE -- A REAL KILLER!
WHO -- HORACE? HE'S JUST AN OVERGROWN CAT -- RAISED IN MY OWN HOME!
HUH?
AH! I'M BEGINNING TO ADD TWO AND TWO -- AND MAKE $250,000!
SURE WE WANT YOU IN HEADQUARTERS! THERE'S A THOUSAND-DOLLAR REWARD WAITING!
GOLLY, PLOOP--THAT'S WHAT I CALL A PAY-OFF!
FOR MORE DAFFY AND DELIRIOUS DETECTIVE DRAMA -- LOOK FOR THE CRIME CRUSHERS NEXT ISSUE!



KIT 1 I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio Soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.

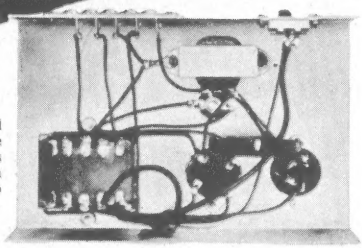
KIT 2 Early in my course I show you how to build this N. R. I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



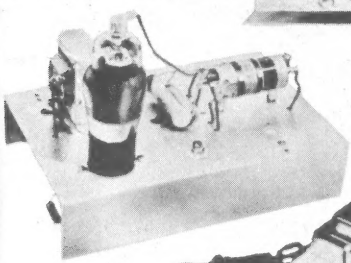
KIT 3 You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.

Learn RADIO by PRACTICING in Spare Time

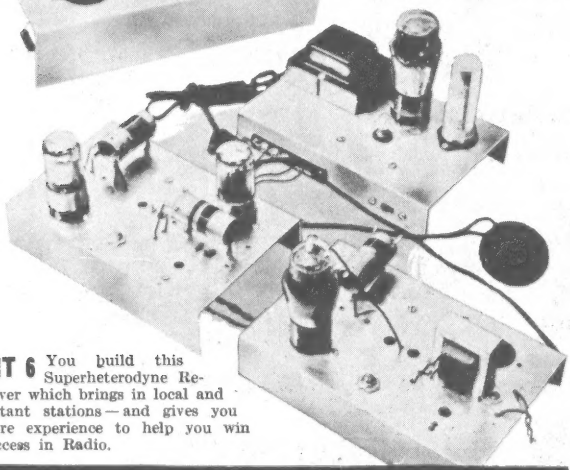
with 6 BIG KITS of RADIO PARTS I send you



KIT 4 You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5 Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



KIT 6 You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

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BICYCLE SAFELY...

Careless bicycling may cause accidents! Always ride single file. Never "hitch on" to car or truck. Follow all traffic signs, rules. Avoid ruts. Ride close to right edge of road. Use hand signals for turns, stops.

ROLLER SKATE SAFELY...

Avoid roller skating accidents by being careful. Always skate on sidewalk. Come to stop at curbs. Cross streets at corners only. Do not "hitch" on to bicyclists. Cross small cracks at right angles.

DRIVE SAFELY...

An average of more than ONE MILLION children, women, men are injured every year in traffic accidents! Think that over, Buddy! Decide now that when you are *old enough* to get your driver's license—and after you get it—you will *remember* and *follow* the safety driving rules you learned.

CROSS STREETS SAFELY...

Always stop at curb, look right and left to see if street is clear. Cross streets only at corners. Obey signal lights. Remember, an auto moves *faster* than you can run. And don't run . . . walk!

AND SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!

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RED RYDER CARBINE MODEL No. 111 $4.25

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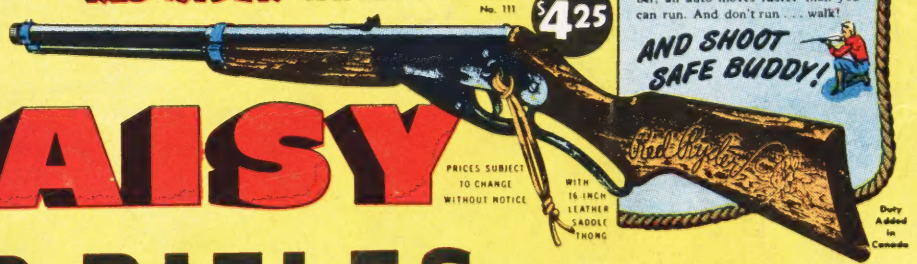

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